Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, greeting. Whereas James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly, Citizens and Bookfellers of our City of London, have, by their Petition, humbly represented unto us that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the WHOLE WORKS of the late Doctor Isaac WATTS, and that they are now printing, and preparing for the Press, new Editions, with Improvements, of several of the separate Pieces of the faid Doctor Isaac Watts: They have therefore most humbly prayed us, that we would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the fole printing, publishing, and vending the faid Works in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature; We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of public Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the faid James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly, their Executors, Administrators, and Affigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the fole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof: strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatfoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof, printed beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Confent and Approbation of the faid James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly, their Executors, Administrators, and Affigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril: Whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of our City of London, and all other our Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein fignified.

By his Majesty's Command,

W. PITT.

Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, greeting. Whereas James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly, Citizens and Bookfellers of our City of London, have, by their Petition, humbly represented unto us that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the WHOLE WORKS of the late Doctor Isaac WATTS, and that they are now printing, and preparing for the Press, new Editions, with Improvements, of several of the separate Pieces of the faid Doctor Isaac Watts: They have therefore most humbly prayed us, that we would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the fole printing, publishing, and vending the faid Works in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature; We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of public Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the faid James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly, their Executors, Administrators, and Affigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the fole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof: strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatfoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof, printed beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Confent and Approbation of the faid James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly, their Executors, Administrators, and Affigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril: Whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of our City of London, and all other our Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein fignified.

By his Majesty's Command,

W. PITT.

HYMNS

AND

Spiritual Songs.

In THREE BOOKS.

I. Collected from the SCRIPTURES.

II. Composed on DIVINE SUBJECTS.

III. Prepared for the LORD'S SUPPER.

By I. WATTS, D.D.

And they sung a new Song, Taying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c. Rev. v. 9.

Soliti effent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere.

PLINIUS in Epift.

LONDON:

Printed for J. F. and C. RIVINGTON, J. BUCKLAND, J. JOHNSON, T. LONGMAN, T. FIELD, C. DILLY, and W. GOLDSMITH.

MDCCLXXXVI.

E we fine the Prairie 63 10 010 m 11月5月106日上海四日1 AN MILES all orders the Little the same of the sa thencer to the beat only State than All the torn s right of Line away to foreign to 8 charry stockly and the stall DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY AND ontarour embly, while the Plateau on their lapsy mit स्वापार संप्रकार केल्ड पर अवकार जी किला है। crownerly after again chair good from the stage to feered, that his hipoth of mail or the Whie done elem at leughus angulantes Ta Blinder Con Proving B. S. 25/2011/2 full want forme along ross or languages on Franchis the Methods of at ballo Prayer (o herfort id to be seen to be a seen as to be to be down Edigions Scientifices, Luinnairies to noth arms plat Cinamaggara Total very Newstan which apple following proposed and delighted and of the people of the son of the Barte receptor, t. rec often amakes en 494 11111111 KINDOCHAL.

PREFACE.

HILE we fing the Praises of our God in his Church, we are employed in that Part of Worship which of all others is the nearest akin to Heaven; and it is Pity that this of all others should be performed the worst upon Earth. The Gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly State than all the former Difpensations of God amongst Men: And in these last Days of the Gospel we are brought almost within Sight of the Kingdom of our LORD; yet we are very much unacquainted with the Songs of the New Jerusalem, and unpractifed in the Work of Praise. To see the dull Indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless Air, that fits upon the Faces of a whole Affembly, while the Pfalm is on their Lips, might tempt even a charitable Observer to suspect the Fervency of inward Religion: and it is much to be feared, that the Minds of most of the Worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the Modes of Preaching in the best Churches still want some Degrees of Reformation; nor are the Methods of Prayer so perfect, as to stand in Need of no Correction or Improvement: But of all our Religious Solemnities, Pfalmody is the most unhappily managed: That very Action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine Sensations, doth not only flatten our Devotion, but too often awakes our Regret, and touches all the Springs of Uneafiness within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great Occasion of this Evil arises from the Matter and Words to which we confine all our Sones. Some of them are almost opposite to the Spirit of the Gospel: Many of them foreign to the State of the New Tellament, and widely different from the present Circumstances of Christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual Affections are excited within us, and our Souls are raised a little above this Earth in the Beginning of a Pfalm, we are checked on a fudden in our Ascent toward Heaven, by some Expressions that are most suitable to the Day of Carnal Ordinances, and fit only to be fung in the Worldly Sanctuary. When we are just entering, into an Evangelic Frame, by some of the Glories of the Gospel presented in the brightest Figures of Judaifm, yet the very next Line erhaps which the Clerk parcels out unto us, hath fomething in it so extremely Jewish and cloudy, that it darkens our Sight of God the SAVIour. Thus, by keeping too close to David in over our Hearts. While we are kindling into. divine Love by the Meditations of the Lavingkindness of God, and the Multitude of his tender Mercies; within a few Verses, some dreadful Curse against Men is proposed to our Lips, that God would add Iniquity unto their Iniquity, nor let them come into his Righteoufness, but blot them out of the Book of the Living, Pial. Ixix. 26 -28. which is so contrary to the New Commandment of loving our Enemies; and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the Spirit of Prophetic Vengeance. Some Sentences of the Pfalmift, that are expressive of the Temper of our own Hearts, and the Circumstances of our Lives, may compose our Spirits to Seriousness, and allure us to a sweet Retirement within ourselves; but we meet with a following Line, with fo peculiarly belongs but to one Action or Hour of the Life of David or of Afaph, that breaks off our Song in the Midst, and our Consciences are affrighted, left we should speak a Falshood unto Gop: Thus the Powers of our Souls are shocked on a sudden, and our Spirits ruffled, before we have Time to reflect that this may be fung only as a History of ancient Saints; and, perhaps, in some Instances, that Salvo is hardly fufficient neither. Besides, it almost always fpoils the Devotion, by breaking the uniform Thread of it: For while our Lips and our Hearts run on sweetly together, applying the Words to our own Case, there is something of divine Delight in it: But at once we are forced to turn off the Application abruptly, and our Lips speak nothing but the Heart of David. Thus our own Hearts are as it were forbid the Pursuit of the Song, and then the Harmony and the Worship grow dull of mere Necessity.

Many Ministers, and many private Christians, have long groaned under this Inconvenience, and have wished rather than attempted, a Reformation: At their importunate and repeated Requests, I have for some Years past devoted

many Hours of Leisure to this Service. Far be it from my Thoughts to lay aside the Book of Pfalms in public Worship; few can pretend fo great a Value for them as myfelf: It is the most noble, most devotional, and divine Collection of Poefy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raife a pious Soul to Heaven. than some Parts of that Book; never was a Piece of Experimental Divinity fo nobly written, and so justly reverenced and admired; But it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand Lines in it, which were not made for a Church in our Days to assume as its own: There are also many Deficiencies of Light and Glory which our LORD JESUS and his Apostles have supplied in the Writings of the New Teftament: And with this Advantage I have composed these SPIRITUAL SONGS, which are now presented to the World. Nor is the Attempt vain-glorious or prefuming; for in respect of clear evangelical Knowledge, The least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than all the Jewish Prophets, Matt. xi. 11.

NOW let me give a short Account of the

following Composures.

The greatest Part of them are suited to the general State of the Gospel, and the most common Affairs of Christians: I hope there will be very sew sound but what may properly be used in a Religious Assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some Seasons either of private or public Worship. The most frequent Tempers and Changes of our Spirit,

and Conditions of our Life, are here copied. and the Breathings of our Piety expressed according to the Variety of our Paffions, our Love, our Fear, our Hope, our Defire, our Sorrow, our Wonder and our Joy, as they are refined into Devotion, and act under the Influence and Conduct of the bleffed SPIRIT: all converting with God the Father by the new and living Way of Access to the Throne, even the Person and the Mediation of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. To Him alfo, even to the Lamb that was flain and now lives, I have addressed many a Song; for thus doth the Holy Scripture inftruct and teach us to worthip, in the various fhort Patterns of Christian Pfalmody described in the Revelation. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted Points of Christianity, that we might all obey the Direction of the Word of GoD, and fing his Praises with Underflanding, Pfal. xlvii. 7. The Contentions and diffinguishing Words of Sects and Parties are feeluded, that whole Assemblies might affift at the Harmony, and different Churches join in the same Worship without Offence.

If any Expressions occur to our Reader that favour of an Opinion different from his own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive serve, and may be used with a charitable Latitude. I think it is most agreeable, that what is provided for public Singing, should give to sincere Consciences as little Disturbance as possible. However, where any unpleasing Word is found, he that

leads the Worship may substitute a better; for (blessed be Gon) we are not confined to the Words of any Man in our public Solemnities.

THE whole Book is written in four Serts of Metre, and fitted to the most common Tunes. I have feldom permitted a Stop in the Middle of a Line, and seldom left the End of a Line without one; to comport a little with the unhappy Mixture of Reading and Singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The Metaphors are generally funk to the Level of vulgar Capacities. I have aimed at Ease of Numbers, and Smoothness of Sound, and endeavoured to make the Sense plain and obvious. If the Verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the Censure of Feebleness, I may honestly affirmus that fometimes it cost me Labour to make it fo. Some of the Beauties of Poely are neglected, and fome wilfully defaced: I have thrown out the Lines that were too fonorous, and have given an Allay to the Verfe, left a more exalted Turn of Thought or Language should darken or diffurb the Devotion of the weakest Souls. But hence it comes to pass, that I have been forced to lay aside many HYMNS after they were finished, and utterly exclude them from this Volume, because of the bolder Figures of Speech that crowded themselves into the Verse, and a more unconfined Variety of Numbers, which I could not eafily restrain.

These, with many other Divine and Moral Composures, are now printed in a Second Edition of the Poems entitled Hora Lyrica; for

as in that Book I have endeavoured to please and profit the politer Part of Mankind, without offending the plainer Sort of Christians, so in this it has been my Labour to promote the pious Entertainment of Souls truly serious, even of the meanest Capacity, and at the same Time (if possible) not to give Disgust to Persons of richer Sense and nicer Education; and I hope, in the present Volume, this End will appear to be pursued with much greater Happiness than in the first Impression of it, though the World assures me the former has not much Reason to complain.

The Whole is divided into three Books.

In the First, I have borrowed the Sense and much of the Form of the Song from some particular Portions of Scripture, and have paraphrased most of the Doxologies in the New Testament, that contain any Thing in them peculiarly Evangelical; and many Parts of the Old Testament also, that have a Reference to the Times of the MESSIAH. In these I expect to be often censured for a too religious Observance of the Words of Scripture, whereby the Verse is weakened and debased, according to the Judgment of the Critics: But as my whole Defign was to aid the Devotion of Christians, so more especially in this Part: And I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two Ends, namely, affist the Worship of all serious Minds, to whom the Expressions of Scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the Taste and Inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God out the Translations of his own Word. Yet you

will always find in this Paraphrase dark Expressions enlightened, and the Levitical Ceremonies and Hebrew Forms of Speech changed into the Worship of the Gospel, and explained in the Language of our Time and Nation; and what would not bear such an Alteration is omitted and laid aside. After this Manner should I rejoice to see a good Part of the Book of Psalms sitted for the Use of our Churches, and David converted into a Christian: But because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glorious Work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have through Divine Goodness

already proceeded half Way through.

The Second Part confifts of Hymns whose Form is of mere Human Composure; but I hope the Sense and Materials will always appear I might have brought fome Text or other, and applied it to the Margin of every Verse, if this Method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any Poems in the Book that are capable of giving Delight to Persons of a more refined Taste and polite Education, perhaps they may be found in this Part; but except they lay afide the Humour of Criticism, and enter into a devout Frame, every Ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual Designs I proposed, by some gay or flowery Expressions that gratified the Fancy; the bright Images too often prevailed above the Fire of divine Affection, and the Light exceeded the Heat. Yet, I hope, in many of them

the Reader will find, that Devotion dictated the Song, and the Head and Hand were nothing but Interpreters and Secretaries to the Heart: Nor is the Magnificence or Boldness of the Figure comparable to that divine Licence which is found in the Eighteenth and Sixty-eighth Psalms, several Chapters of Job, and other Poetical Parts of Scripture: And in this Respect I may hope to escape the Reproof of those who pay a sacred Reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the Third Part only for the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in Imitation of our blessed Saviour, we may sing an Hymn after we have partaken of the Bread and Wine. Here you will find some Paraphrases of Scripture, and some other Compositions. There are above an Hundred Hymns in the Two sormer Parts, that may very properly be used in this Ordinance; and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last: But there are Expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the Table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the LORD, who inhabits the Praises of Israel, shall refuse to smile upon this Attempt for the Reformation of Psalmody amongst the Churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these Composures useful to private Christians; and if they may but attain the Honour of being esteemed pious Meditations, to affist the devout and retired Soul in the Exercises of Love, Faith, and Joy, it will be

Heart shall rejoice at the Notice of it, and my God shall receive the Glory. This was my Hope and View in the first Publication, and it is now my Duty to acknowledge to Him, with Thankfulness, how useful he has made these Compositions already, to the Comfort and Edification of Societies and of private Persons: And upon the same Grounds I have a better Prospect, and a bigger Hope of much more Service to the Church, by the large Improvements of this Edition, if the Lord who dwells in Zion shall favour it with his continued Blessing.

Note, In all the longer Hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several Stanzas included in Crotchets thus []; which Stanzas may be left out in singing, without disturbing the Sense. Those Parts are also included in such Crotchets, which contain Words too poetical for meaner Understandings, or too particular for whole Congregations to sing. But after all, it is best in public Psalmody for the Minister to choose the particular Parts and Verses of the Psalm or Hymn that is to besung, rather than to leave it to the Judgment or casual Determination of him that leads the Tune.

Note, Since the Sixth Edition of this Book, the Author has finished what he has so long promised, namely, The Psalms of DAVID imitated in the Language of the New Testament; which the World has received with Approbation, by the Sale of some Thousands in a Year's Time. It is presumed that Book, in Conjunction with this, may appear to be such a sufficient Provision for Psalmody, as to answer most Occasions of the Christian's Life: And, if an Author's own Opinion may be taken, he esseems it the greatest Work that ever he-has published, or ever hopes to do, for the Use of the Churches.

-March 3, 17-19-20.

TAABLE

To find any HYMN by the FIRST LINE. Note, The Letters a, b, c, denote the Ift, Ild, or Illd Book :- The Figures direct to the Hymn. BK. Hv. DORE and tremble for our GoD a 42 Alas I and did my Saviour bleed b o All Glory to thy wond'rous Name - 6 33 All mortal Vanities be gone - - a 25 And are we Wretches yet alive - - b 105 And must this Body die - - b 110 And now the Scales have left mine Eyes b 81 Arise my Soul, my joyful Pow'rs - b 82 At thy Command, our dearest Lord - c 19 Attend while GoD's exalted Son - - b 130 Awake, my Heart, arise, my Tongue a 20 Awake, our Souls, away our Fears - a 48 Away from every mortal Care - - b 123 western Bred stated winif the Ackward with humble Shame we look a 57 Begin, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme - - - - - b 69 Behold how Sinners disagree - - a 131 Behold the Blind their Sight receive -Behold the Glories of the Lamb -Behold the Grace appears - -Behold the Potter and the Clay - - a 117 Behold the Rose of Sharon here -Behold the Woman's promis'd Seed - b 135 Behold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine a 123

Behold what wond'rous Grace - ...

Bless'd are the humble Souls that see - a 102

Bi	c. Hy.
Bles'd be the everlasting GoD	9 26
Bleis'd be the Father and his Love	¢ 26
Bles'd is the Man whose cautious Feet	4 31
Blefs'd Morning! whose young dawn-	A. Lynn
Fing Rays 4	6 72
Bles'd with the Joys of Innocence	8 128
Blood has a Voice to pierce the Skies	
Bright King of Glory, dreadful Gon	6 51
Broad is the Road that leads to Death	6 158
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night	a 97
But few among the carnal Wife - 11-10	a 96
18 W. two is armed at C. Watth man as of the	AC 6712
MAN Creatures to Perfection find	6 170
Christ and his Cross is all our Theme	a IIO
Come, all harmonious Tongues	6 84
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	a 135
Come, happy Souls, approach your GoD	6 103
Come hither, all ye weary Souls	1127
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove -	6 34
Come, let us join a joyful Tune	c 8
Come, let us join our cheerful Songs	
Come, let us lift our joyful Eyes	
Come, let us lift our Voices high	
Come, we that love the LORD	
Dellawarant land	the west
Daughters of Sion, come, behold & Dear Lord, behold our fore Diffress	72
Dear Lord, behold our fore Diftress !	163
Dearest of all the Names above 1	148
Death cannot make our Souls afraid? - 1	40
Death may diffelve my Body now - 2	27
Death! 'tis a melancholy Day 1	52
Deceiv'd by subtil Snares of Hell a	107
Deep in the Dust before thy Throne - a	10/

Br. Hy.
Descend from Heavin, immortal Dove b 23
Do we not know that folemn Word - a 122
Down headlong from their native Skies b 96
Dread Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song 1 7
The state of the Enter of the state of the
R F the blue Heav'ne were Greenh'd
RE the blue Heav'ns were stretch'd abroad - a 2
Eternal Sovereign of the Sky -1 -1 - b 149
Eternal Sovereign of the Sky 5 149
Eternal Spirit, we confess b 133
the wife we must be transfer Petrolina seconds only deposit
AITH is the brightest Evidence a 120
Far from my Thoughts, vain World be gone b 15
be gone 1 b 15
Father, I long, I faint, to fee b 68
Father, we wait to feel thy Grace - c 24
Firm and umov'd are they a 23
Firm as the Earth thy Gospel stands - a 138
From Heav'n the finning Angels fell - b 97
From thee, my God, my Joys shall rise b 75
From Heav'n the finning Angels fell - b 97 From thee, my God, my Joys shall rise b 75 G.
ENTILES by Nature, we belong a 114
T Give me the Wings of Faith to rife b 140
Give to the Father Praise c 37
Glory to God the Trinity c 29
Glory to God that walks the Sky b 59
Glory to God the Father's Name c 27
God is a Spirit just and wife a 136
God of the Morning, at whose Voice a 79
God of the Seas, thy thund'ring Voice b 70
God, the eternal awful Name - 6 27
God, who in various Methods told - a 53
Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord a 128
Go worship at Immanuel's Feet a 146

BK. HY.
Great God, how infinite art thou - b 67.
Great God, Lown thy Sentence just - a 6
Great God, the Clarice hallownian 1 - 6
Great God, thy Giories shall employ b 167
Great God, to what a glorious Height b 112
Great King of Glory and of Grace - b 159
Great was the Day, the Joy was great b 144.
TAdI the Tongues of Greeks and Jews a 134
Happy the Church, thou facred Place b 64
Happy the Heart where Graces reign - b 38
Hark I from the Tombs a doleful Sound b 63
Hark! the Redeemer from on High - a 70
Hear what the Voice from Heav'n proclaims a 18
Hence from my Soul fad Thoughts begone b 73
Here at thy Coofs, my dying God - b 4
High as the Heav'ns above the Ground 115
High on-a Hidr of dazzling Light and bu 18
Honour to Whee, Almighty Three 12 235
Hofarina, Saclantay - qui eo 8 ver e 420045
Holanna to our conqu'ring King - b 89
Hofanna to the Prince of Light 11 - 6 76
Hofanna to the Royal Son Ward - 0 - 0 a 16
Hofanna with a cheerful Sound 14 - 9 - 6 8
How are thy Glories here display'do - 0 25
How beauteous are their Feet a - a 10
How can I fink with fuch a Prop b 116
How condescending and how kind - c 4
How full of Anguish is the Thought b 100
How heavy is the Night a 98
How honourable is the Place 8
How large the Promise, how divine - a 113
How oft have Sin and Satan strove - a 139
How rich are thy Provisions, Lord - 2 12

The state of the s
вк. Ну.
How fad our State by Nature is b 90
How shall I praise th' Eternal God - b 166
How short and hasty is our Life - b 32
How should the Sons of Adam's Race a 86
How firong thine Arm is, mighty God a 49
How sweet and awful is the Place 1 - 13
How vain are all Things here below - b 48
How wond'rous great, how glorious bright b 87
Les God the Pether Heel Dodresse & Lew Logs
Cannot bear thine Absence, Lord - b 117
I give immortal Praise 38
I hate the Tempter and his Charms - b 156
I lift my Banner, faith the Lord 29
I love the Windows of thy Grace de b 145
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord a 103
I fend the Joys of Earth away - b 11
I fing my Saviour's wond'rous Death - b 114
Jehovah speaks, let Iss'el hear a 84
Jehovah reigns, his Throne is high - b 168
Jesus, in thee our Eyes behold a 145
Jesus invites his Saints / 1-110- 1-11-11-12
Jesus is gone above the Skies 6
Jefus, the Man of constant Griefdi ai 12
Jesus, we bless thy Father's Name a 54
Jelus, we bow before thy Feet c 18
Jesus, with all thy Saints above b 29
In Gabriel's Hand a mighty Stone and 59
In thine own Ways, O God of Love a 30
In vain the wealthy Mortals toil - a 24
In vain we lavish out our Lives - a g
Infinite Grief! amazing Woe - b. 95
Join all the glorious Names - a 150
Join all the Names of Love and Pow'r a 149

Be. Hy.	Bĸ.	Hr.
Is this the kind Return 1 14 01016 110.	- 6	74
day 4 - wasaniank of the percent	cost.	MIN.
Kind is the Speech of Christ our Lord	HOO!	73
ADEN with Guilt, and full of Fear		
Let all our Tongues be one	JWE	9
Let everlasting Glories crown	1 · b	131
Let every mortal Ear attended to 14	a	
Let God the Father live		
Let him embrace my Soul, and prove	TITE	- 66
Let God the Maker's Name warman		31
Let me but hear my Saviour fay	a	15
Let mortal Fongues attempt to fing -	a	58
Let others boaft how firong they be		19
Let Pharifees of high Esteem	a	133
Let the old Heathens tune their Song -	0	21
Let the feventh Angel found on high -	a	05
Let the whole Race of Creatures lie -	0	99
Let the wild Leopards of the Wood -	0.1	100
Let them neglect thy Glory, Lord Let us adore th' eternal Word	W. C.	35
Life and immortal Joys are given -	2 21	5
Life is the Time to ferve the Lord		25
Lift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats	dye	2100
Like Sheep we went aftray	Was	7/2
Lo the destroying Angel flies		
Lo the young Tribes of Adam rife	1	.33
Lo what a glorious Sight appears	000	21
Lo what an entertaining Sight		24
Long I have fat beneath the Sound -	" b	165
Look, gracious God, how num'rous the	y a	47
Lord, at thy Temple we appear	a	19
Lord, how divine thy Comforts are -		II

BK. Hy. Lord, how secure and bless d are they b 57 Lord, how secure my Conscience was a 115 Lord, we adore thy bounteous Hand - c 20 Lord, we adore thy vast Designs - b 100 Lord, we are blind, we Mortals blind - b 26 Lord, we consess our num'rous Faults a 111 Lord, what a Heav'n of saving Grace b 16 Lord, what a thoughtless Wretch was I a 36 Lord, what a wretched Land is this - b 53
Lord, how secure my Conscience was a 115 Lord, we adore thy bounteous Hand - c 20 Lord, we adore thy vast Designs - b 109 Lord, we are blind, we Mortals blind - b 26 Lord, we consess our num'rous Faults a 111 Lord, what a Heav'n of saving Grace b 16 Lord, what a thoughtless Wretch was I a 36
Lord, we adore thy bounteous Hand - c 20 Lord, we adore thy vast Designs - b 100 Lord, we are blind, we Mortals blind - b 26 Lord, we confess our num'rous Faults a 111 Lord, what a Heav'n of saving Grace b 16 Lord, what a thoughtless Wretch was I a 36
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My drowfy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so - b 25
My God, how endless is thy Love - a 81
My God, my Life, my Love b 93
My God, my Portion and my Love - b 94
My God permit me not to be h 122
My God, the Spring of all my Joys - b 54
My God, what endless Pleasures dwell & 42
My Heart, how dreadful hard it is - b 98
My Saviour God, my fov'reign Prince h 141
My Soul come meditate the Day b 61
My Soul forfakes her vain Delight - b 10
My Thoughts on awful Subjects roll - b 2
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Nature with all her Pow'rs shall sing b
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Ye Saints how lovely is the Place a	38
Ye Sons of Adam vain and young - a	89
Ye that obey th' immortal King a	34

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HYMNS

AND

Spiritual Songs.

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BOOK I.

Collected from the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- I. A new Song to the Lamb that was flain, Rev. v. 6, 8, 9-12. 9,10/12
- BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb Amidst his Father's Throne: Prepare new Honours for his Name, And Songs before unknown.
- 2 Let Elders worship at his Feet,
 The Church adore around,
 With Vials full of Odours sweet,
 And Harps of sweeter Sound,

36

38

89

34

III

3 Those are the Prayers of the Saints, And these the Hymns they raise:

11)

Jesus is kind to our Complaints, He loves to hear our Praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who thall look Into thy fecret Will? Who but the Son hall take that Book And open ev'ry Seal? 110

- 5 He shall fulfil thy great Decrees, The Son deserves it well; Lo, in his Hand the fov reign Keys Of Heav'n, and Death, and Hell !]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was flain , 1/- 2 Be endless Bleffings paid; Salvation, Glory, Joy remain For ever on thy Head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood, Haft fet the Pris'ners free; 1.2,15 Hast made us Kings and Priests to God, And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The Worlds of Nature and of Grace Are put beneath thy Pow'r; Then shorten these delaying Days, And bring the promis'd Hour.
- All The Authority II. The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST, John i. 1, 3, 14. and Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.
 - RE the blue Heav'ns were stretch'd abroad isti V suov bnow sitt visil From everlasting was the Word, 10/2/10

With Gon He was; the Word was Gon, And must divinely be ador'd.

- By his own Pow'r all Things were made;
 By him supported all Things stand;
 He is the whole Creation's Head,
 And Angels sly at his Command.
- 7 3 Ere Sin was born, or Satan fell, He led the Host of Morning Stars; (Thy Generation who can tell, Or count the Number of thy Years?)
 - Hut lo, he leaves those heav'nly Forms; , , 2.

 The Word descends and dwells in Clay,
 That he may hold Converse with Worms,
 Dres'd in such feeble Flesh as they.
 - Mortals with Joy beheld his Face,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son /; 1.2 6.2.

 How full of Truth! how full of Grace!; 2.4.
 When thro' his Eyes the Godhead shone!
 - Archangels leave their high Abode,
 To learn new Myst'ries here, and tell
 The Love of our descending God
 The Glories of IMMANUEL.

III. The Nativity of CHRIST, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promife is fulfill'd;
Mary the wond'rous Virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child.

10

(2)

Calls him his only Son; He bids him rule the Lands abroad, And gives him David's Throne. 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign With a peculiar Sway; The Nations shall his Grace obtain, His Kingdom ne'er decay.] 4 To bring the glorious News A heav'nly Form appears; He tells the Shepherds of their Joys, And banishes their Fears. 5 "Go, humble Swains," said he, "To David's City fly; "The promis'd Infant, born To-day, "Doth in a Manger lie. 6 "With Looks and Hearts serene, "Go visit Christ your King;" And straight a flaming Troop was seen; The Shepherds heard them sing; 7 "Glory to God on High! "And heav'nly Peace on Earth: "Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy, "Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy,	4	IN I WIN S AND BOOK I
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A heav'nly Form appears; He tells the Shepherds of their Joys, And banishes their Fears. "Go, humble Swains," said he, "To David's City fly; "The promis'd Infant, born To-day, "Doth in a Manger lie. "With Looks and Hearts serene, "Go visit Christ your King;" And straight a flaming Troop was seen; The Shepherds heard them sing; "Glory to God on High! "And heav'nly Peace on Earth: 1.2. "Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy, "At our Redeemer's Birth!" In Worship so divine Let Saints employ their Tongues In 1.2. With the celestial Hosts we join; And loud repeat their Songs. "Glory to God on High!	3	With a peculiar Sway; The Nations shall his Grace obtain,
"To David's City fly; "The promis'd Infant, born To-day, "Doth in a Manger lie. "With Looks and Hearts serene, "Go visit Christ your King;" And straight a flaming Troop was seen; The Shepherds heard them sing; "And heav'nly Peace on Earth: "And heav'nly Peace on Earth: "Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy, "At our Redeemer's Birth!" In Worship so divine Let Saints employ their Tongues/ With the celestial Hosts we join, "And loud repeat their Songs. "Glory to God on High!	4	A heav'nly Form appears; He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
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"And heav'nly Peace on Earth: 1.2 "Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy, "At our Redeemer's Birth!" [In Worship so divine Let Saints employ their Tongues 1.2 With the celestial Hosts we join, 1.2 With the Color to God on High! 1.2	6	"Go visit Christ your King;" And straight a flaming Troop was feen;
Let Saints employ their Tongues / in 1.2. With the celestial Hosts we join, 1.2. And loud repeat their Songs. "Glory to God on High! 1.2.	7	"Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy,
		With the celeftial Hosts we join, 1.2
	9	

"Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy, "At our Redeemer's Birth."]

IV. Referred to the Second Pfalm.

V. Submission to afflictive Providences, Job i. 21.

And crept to Life at first; , , . 2.
We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Dust.

2 The dear Delights we here enjoy, And fondly call our own, Are but short Favours borrow'd now, To be repaid anon.

3'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high, them 10
Or finks them in the Grave; 1.2 em 1.2
He gives, and (bleffed be his Name!)
He takes but what he gave.

Let each rebellious Sigh

1- Be filent at his fov'reign Will, Behuld into

And ev'ry Murmur die.

Its Praises shall be spread; , 1. 2

And we'll adore the Justice too

That strikes our Comforts dead.

B 4

x regain 15

VI. Triumph over Death, Job xix. 25-27.

- REAT God, I own thy Sentence just;
 And Nature must decay: 1.2

 I yield my Body to the Dust 2

 To dwell with Fellow-Clay.
- And trample on the Tombs:
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.
- The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
 High on a Royal Seat,
 And Death, the last of all his Foes, and le vanquish'd at his Feet.
- Let The 2771. 4 The greedy Worms devour my Skin,
 And gnaw my wasting Flesh,

 Bull. When God shall build my Bones again,
 When The clothes them all afresh: 1.221.
 - Then shall I see thy lovely Face
 With strong immortal Eyes,
 And seast upon thy unknown Grace
 With Pleasure and Surprise.

VII. The Invitation of the Gospel: as, Soirisual
www. U Food and Cloathing, Isa. lv. 1, &c., 204
1-1-1-1-207-

LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice;

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Hr. 7	SPIRITUAL SON	38. 78
	e Trumpet of the Gospel sou With an inviting Voice.	nds
And	! all ye hungry starving Soul That feed upon the Wind, d vainly strive with earthly T To fill an empty Mind.	
And	A Soul-reviving Feast, d bid your longing Appetites The rich Provision taste.	15 1.2,15
Here	Lye that pant for living Stream And pine away and die; re you may quench your raging With Springs that never dry.	Thirst
5 Rive Ir Salv	vers of Love and Mercy here in a rich Ocean join; vation in Abundance flows, Like Floods of Milk and Win	In In a vast Great
To	weave a Garment of your own	1,23/
Wro	me naked, and adorn your Son in Robes prepared by God, yought by the <u>Labours</u> of his and dy'd in his own Blood.]	Son, beigen 1.
Deep A	ar Gook the Treasures of thy Are everlasting Mines, ep as our helples Mis'ries are, and boundless as our Sins k B 5.	
+ 18	12my dainty laste	

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- 7. On Babylon our Feet shall tread In that rejoicing Hour; 1.2 The Ruins of her Walls shall spread A Pavement for the Poor.
- IX. The Promises of the Covenant of Grace, Isa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Micah yii. 19.2 Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.
- To gather empty Wind; 1.2 dairies
 The choicest Blessings Earth can yield dairies
 Will starve a hungry Mind.
- With fuch as Saints in Glory love,
 With fuch as Angels eat.
- Our God will ev'ry Want supply,
 And fill our Hearts with Peace;
 He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath
 The Riches of his Grace.
- And wash away our Stains, 19 114.

 In the dear Fountain that his Son
 Pour'd from his dying Veins.
- 5 [Our Guilt shall vanish all away,

 The black as Hell before; 1 2

 Our Sin shall fink beneath the Sca,

 And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest Pollution should o'erspread Defile of

thracied Crimson wares

TO

- 7 Our Heart, that flinty stubborn Thing,
 That Terrors cannot move,
 That fears no Threat'nings of his Wrath,
 Shall be dissolved by Love.
- And from the Treasures of his Grace
 Bestow a softer Mind.
- And deep engrave his Law; 2 2 And ev'ry Motion of our Souls

 To swift Obedience draw.
- Then will he pour Salvation down, 1972
 And we stall render Praise; 11.2100
 We the dear People of his Love,
 And He our God of Grace.
 - X. The Bleffedness of Gospel Times: or, The Revelation of CHRIST to Jews and Gentiles, 162. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.
 - Who stand on Zion's Hill!, /2
 Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
 And Words of Peace reveal.
 - How fweet the Tidings are!

Tror de hele put away of hein

- "Zion, behold thy Saviour King, "He reigns and triumphs here."
- How happy are our Ears
 That hear this joyful Sound & ~ 1.2
 Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
 And fought but never found! ~ 1.2,15
- How bleffed are our Eyes
 That fee this heav'nly Light;
 Prophets and Kings defir'd it long, 4 -1.2
 But dy'd without the Sight!
- The Watchmen join their Voice,

 And tuneful Notes employ;

 Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,

 And Deserts learn the Joy.
 - The LORD makes bare his Arm
 Thro' all the Earth abroad: , , . 2
 Let ev'ry Nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.
- XI. The Humble enlightened, and carnal Reason bumbled: or, The Sovercignty of Grace, Luke x. 21, 22.
 - THERE was an Hour when CHRIST rejoic'd,
 And spoke his Joy in Words of Praise;
 - " Father, I thank thee, mighty God, "LORD of the Earth, and Heav'ns and Seas. 202
 - 2 " I thank thy fov'reign Pow'r and Love, "That crowns my Doctrine with Success;

Alinged 1.

3 "But all this Glory lies conceal'd
"From Men of Prudence and of Wit; 11.2/
"The Prince of Darkness blinds their Eyes,

" And their own Pride resists the Light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy Will "Chose and ordain'd it should be so; "Tis thy Delight t'abase the Proud,

5 And lay the haughty Scorner low. 7

But those that learn it from the Son; who 1.2.10

"But where the Father makes him known.

6 " Then let our Souls adore our God/e, 1.2

" Nor gives to Mortals an Account "Or of his Actions, or Decrees."

XII. Free Grace in revealing CHRIST, Luke x. 21.

JESUS, the Man of constant Grief, A Mourner all his Days;

His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud, And turn'd his Joy to Praile:

2 "Father, I thank thy wond'rous Love/9,12"
"That hath reveal'd thy Son

"To Men unlearned; and to Babes

Has made thy Gospel known.

tand lay their haufty bean low

- 3 "The Myst'ries of redeeming Grace "Are hidden from the Wife: 1/2."
 "While Pride and carnal Reas'ning join To swell and blind their Eyes."
- Thus doth the LORD of Heav'n and Earth His great Decrees fulfil, And orders all his Works of Grace By his own fov'reign Will.

XIII. The Son of GOD incarnate: or, The Titles and the Kingdom of CHRIST, Ifa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

- Now have beheld a heav'nly Light;
 Nations that fat in Death's cold Shade / 2 1.2

 Are blefs'd with Beams divinely bright.
- 2 The Virgin's promis'd Son is born; , , 2; , 5 Behold th' expected Child appear! , , 2 What shall his Names or Titles be? "The Wonderful, the Counsellor!" Itel
- 3 [This Infant is the mighty God, e, -, 2]
 Come to be fuckled and ador'd;
 Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
 The Son of David, and his Lord.]
- Upon his Shoulder shall be laid; 1.2 2 His wide Dominions shall increase, 15 fell 1.2 2 And Honours to his Name be paid.
- JESUS, the holy Child, shall sit 4 4, 12,10 High on his Father David's Throne; 7, 7, 2,1

Thermings 2,10.11

And reigns to Ages yet unknown.

XIV. The Triumph of Faith: or, CHRIST's unchangeable Lave, Rom, viii. 33, &c.

- Tis God that justifies their Souls; 1.2

 And Mercy, like a mighty Stream, 2 1.2

 O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
 "Tis Christ that fuffer'd in their Stead; 1.2-10
 And the Salvation to fulfil, a ~1-2
 Behold him rifing from the Dead! 1.1.2
- 3 He lives! He lives, and fits Above, A. 5

Who shall divide us from his Love?

Or what should tempt us to Despair?

- 4 Shall Persecution, or Distress,
 Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?
 He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
 And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.
- Faith hath an overcoming Pow'r,
 It triumphs in the dying Hour: 37.2
 CHRIST is our Life, our Joy, our Hope; 1.7.2
 Nor can we fink with fuch a Prop.

X

6 Not all that Men on Earth can do, Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below, Shall cause his Mercy to remove, Or wean our Hearts from Chair our Love.

at lettle a - 1.2,10

XV. Our own Weakness, and CHRIST our Strength, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

Shell could his hors beneath bracket.

Then I rejoice in deep Diffress,
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.

I glory in Infirmity,
That Christ's own Pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak then am I strong;, 1.2

- 3 I can do all Things, or can bear
 All Suff'rings, if my LORD be there; A 12 1/2
 Sweet Pleasures mingle with the Pains,
 While his left Hand my Head suffains.
- And we attempt the Work alone,
 When new Temptations spring and rise, e 1.2
 We find how great our Weakness is.
- So Samfon, when his Hair was loft, 12 Met the Philistines to his cost; 12 Shook his vain Limbs with fad Surprise, 21-2 Made feeble Fight, and lost his Eyes.

XVI. Hofanna to CHRIST, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

HOSANNA to the royal Son

10

2.

His Natures two, his Person one, Mysterious and Divine.

And Offspring is the same;

Eternity and Time are join'd

[1.3]

In our IMMANUEL'S Name.

3 Bles'd He that comes to wretched Men
With peaceful News from Heav'n! /2
Hosannas of the highest Strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n! ; /2

Th' Hosanna on their Tongues,

Lest Rocks and Stones should rise and break

Their Silence into Songs.

XVII. Victory over Death, I Cor. xv. 55, &c.

3

X

For an overcoming Faith
To cheer my dying Hours,
To triumph o'er the Monster, Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs!

2 Joyful, with all the Strength I have,
My quiv'ring Lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted Vict'ry, Grave; 7,12
"And where the Monster's String?"

Jeath hath no Sting befide: 1/2

The Law gives Sin its damning Pow'r 1/2

But Christ, my Ranfom, dy'd. 2/2

flange #1.2

4 Now to the God of Victory
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us Conquirors while we die
Thro' CHRIST our living Head.

(11)

XVIII. Blessed are the Dead that die in the LORD, Rev. xiv. 1. 13 112 6 5

THEAR what the Voice from Heav'n proclaims

For all the pious Dead; 1.2; PLW

Sweet is the Savour of their Names,

And foft their fleeping Bed.

They die in Jesus and are bless'd's _____,' ^ 2
How kind their Slumbers are!
From Suff'rings and from Sins releas'd,
And freed from every Snare.

3 Far from this World of Toil and Strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The Labours of their mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

10 01

XIX. The Song of Simeon: or, Death made de- ; 1. firable, Luke ii. 27, &c. 1.27 1.2

I ORD, at thy Temple we appear, 11.257.

As happy Simeon came,

And hope to meet our Saviour here;

O make our Joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast Delight The good old Man was fill'd,

Joy 4.2.

.2

He makes his Graces thine.

lxi. 10.

- 3 And left the Shadow of a Spot Should on my Soul be found, He took the Robe the Saviour wrought, And cast it all around.
- What earthly Princes wear!
 These Ornaments how bright they shine! 81.2
- 5 The Spirit wrought my Faith and Love, And Hope, and ev'ry Grace; But Jesus spent his Life to work The Robe of Righteousness.

How white the Garments are

By the great facred Three!

#In sweetest Harmony of Praise

Let all thy Powers agree.

XXI. A Vision of the Kingdom of CHRIST among Men, Rev. xxi. 1-4.

To our believing Eyes!
The Earth and Seas are pais'd away,
And the old rolling Skies:

That holy, happy Place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining Grace.

3 Attending Angels shout for Joy,
And the bright Armies sing; 1.2
The Substitute of grace

the grace hance of this he

HYMNS AND BOOK I.

Mortals behold the facred Seat W.P.

4 "The God of Glory down to Men Removes his blefs'd Abode; //2

Men/the dear Objects of his Grace,
"And he the loving God.

5 " His own foft Hand shall wipe the Tears From ev'ry weeping Eye; 1.2

1,1.2 " And Pains, and Groans, and Griefs and

" And Death itself shall die."

Shall this bright Hour delay?

Shall this bright Hour delay?

Fly wiftly round, ye Wheels of Time,

And bring the welcome Day.

XXII, and XXIII. Referred to the CXXVth Pfalm.

XXIV. The rich Sinner dying, Pfalm xlix. 6, 9. Ecclef. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

IN vain the wealthy Mortals toil,

And heap their shining Dust in vain; ,/2

Look down and scorn the humble Poor,

And boast their losty Hills of Gain.

2 Their Golden Cordials cannot ease. Their pained Hearts or aching Heads,

From glitt ring Roofs and downy Beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling Soul/ 2 ~ 2 The dismal Summons must obey,

+ 2 ole swifter 1.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. HY- 25-21 And bid a long, a fad Farewel / a To the pale Lump of Jifeless Clay. 4 Thence they are huddled to the Grave, Where Kings and Slaves have equal Thrones; , /.2 Their Bones without Distinction lie/2 -1.2 Amongst the Heap of meaner Bones. The rest referred to the xlixth Psalm. Heats XXV. A Vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6-9. LL mortal Vanities be gone, Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears : 1.2 Behold amidft th' eternal Throne A Vision of the Lamb appears. 2 [Glory his fleecy Robe adorns, Mark'd with the bloody Death he bore ; Sev'n are his Eyes, and fev'n his Horns. To speak his Wisdom and his Pow'r. 3 Lo, he receives a fealed Book From Him that fits upon the Throne, Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look On dark Decrees, and Things unknown. 7 4 All the affembling Saints around Fall worshipping before the Lamb, And in new Songs of Gofpel-found Address their Honours to his Name. 5 The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony

Flies o'er the everlasting Hills; , 1. 2

Worthy art thou alone," they cry, "To read the Book, to loofe the Seals."

12 Po And with transporting Pleasure sing,
W Worthy the Lamb that once was slain, ~1
"To be our Teacher and our King!" 1.2

- 7 His Words of Prophecy reveal
 Eternal Counsels, deep Designs;
 His Grace and Vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our Souls from HeW With thine invaluable Blood;
 And Wretches that did once rebel/ 91.2.
 Are now made Fav'rites of their God.
- Worthy for ever is the LORD 1.2.

 5.12 That dy'd for Treason not his own,

 By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,

 And dwell upon his Father's Throne!

 1.2

XXVI. Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of CHRIST, I Pet. i. 3-5.

- BLESS'D be the everlasting God, The Father of our Lord; , 1.2. Be his abounding Mercy prais'd, His Majesty ador'd.
- And call'd him to the Sky,

 He gave our Souls a lively Hope of 1 2 P. M.

 That they should never die.

Treasang1.2.10

3 What the our inbred Sins require 1,26 Our Flesh to fee the Duft, Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose / 2 1.2. W So all his Followers muft. 4 There's an Inheritance Divine/ e. 1.2 Referv'd against that Day; 3,10,14 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd, Waste 1.2 mm And cannot fade away. 5 Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept Till the Salvation come; 2339 We walk by Faith, as Strangers here, Till CHRIST shall call us Home. 6.77.

XXVII. Affurance of Heaven; or, A Saint prepared to die, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

The EATH may diffolve my Body now, And bear my Spirit Home; Why do my Minutes move fo flow, Nor my Salvation come?

With heav'nly Weapons I have fought
The Battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my Course, and kept the Faith,
And wait the sure Reward.

A Crown which cannot fade;

The righteous Judge at that great Day
Shall place it on my Head.

Nor hath the King of Grace decreed.
This Prize for me alone;

W

at

Death Im prepared to meet their in Convey my first heare 1.

But all that love and long to fee The Appearance of his Son!

5 JESUS, the LORD, shall guard me safe From ev'ry ill Defign; And to his heav nly Kingdom take Resh

This feeble Soul of mine.

data W.P. 6 God is my everlatting Aid, And Hell shall rage in vain; To Him be highest Glory paid, And endles Praife. Amen.

XXVIII. The Triumph of CHRIST over the Enehe's 1.2 mies of the Church, Ifa. lxiii. 1-3, &c.

THAT mighty Man, or mighty God, Comes travelling in State, 1.2 Along the Idumean Road, @ 1.2 Away from Bozrah's Gate! A 1.2

2 The Glory of his Robes proclaim 'Tis some victorious King:

" Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One, " That your Salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints inquire, Why thine Apparel's red;

And all thy Velture flain'd like those Who in the Wine-press tread?

I, by myfelf, have trod the Press, " And crush'd my Foes alone; 1.2/17 2 Shucks My Wrath has struck the Rebels dead, My Fury Rampt them down.

Apparel red (1.2, 5,10,14. Annerely red; P.W

5 "Tis Edom's Blood that dyes my Robes "With joyful scalet Stains; 1/2"
The Triumph that my Raiment wears "Sprung from my bleeding Veins.

6 "Thus shall the Nations be destroy'd
"That dare insult my Saints: , / 2
"I have an Arm t'avenge their Wrongs,
"An Ear for their Complaints."

XXIX. The Second Part; or, The Ruin of An-

1.21. " I LIFT my Banner," faith the LORD, Where Antichrift has flood; , / 2

"The City of my Gospel-foes Shall be a Field of Blood.

e-

D,

2 " My Heart has fludy'd just Revenge, " And now the Day appears,

"The Day of my Redeem'd is come, 9,1.2." To wipe away their Tears.

3 " Quite weary is my Patience grown, "And hids my Eury go: ; 1.2

Swift as the Lightning it shall move,

4 " I call for Helpers, but in vain : ". Then has my Gofpel none?

Well, mine own Arm has Might enough

5 " Slaughter and my devouring Sword angle."
Shall walk the Streets around.

when beding our (night)

6 Thy Honours, O victorious King I
Thine own right Hand shall raise,
While we thy awful Vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

XXX. Praise for Deliverance answered,

Isa. xxvi. 8-20. 167
V8.9, 1.2.21.17-

- IN thine own Ways, O God of Love, We wait the Vifits of thy Grace; 1.2 Our Souls Defire is to thy Name, And the Remembrance of thy Face.
- 2 My Thoughts are searching, LORD, for thee, 'Mongst the black Shades of lonesome Night; My earnest Cries salute the Skies

 Before the Dawn restores the Light. 5 9 7
- The tender Patience of my God; I But they shall see thy lifted Hand, And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.
- A Woice of Music to his Friends,

 But threat'ning Thunder to his Foes.
 - Gome Children to your Father's Arms, J.W. Hide in the Chambers of my Grace, Till the fierce Storms be overblown, And my revenging Fury cease.

til Ly w

26

6 My Sword shall boast its Thousands slain,
And drink the Blood of haughty Kings,
While heav nly Peace around my Flock
Stretches its soft and downy Wings.

XXXI. Referred to the ift Pfalm. 10.

XXXII. Strength from Heaven, Isa. xl. 27-30.

And where's our Courage fled ?

Has roftless Sin and raging Hell

Struck all our Comforts dead?

That form'd the Earth and Sea doing And can an all-creating Arm

Grow weary or decay?

Treasures of everlasting Might
In our Jehovan dwell;
He gives the Conquest to the Weak,
And treads their Foes to Hell.

And youthful Vigour cease; , 1.2 4;
But we that wait upon the Lord e, 1.2

Shall feel our Strength increase. 1.2

5 The Saints shall mount on Eagles Wings,
And taste the promis'd Bliss,
Till their unwearied Feet arrive
Where perfect Pleasure is.

+ Strock 1.2,10 + Meer 1.2,10

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4

5

XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII. Referred to Pfalm cxxxi, cxxxiv, lxvii, lxxiii, xe, and lxxxiv.

XXXIX. God's tender Care of his Church, Ifa. wlin 13, &c.

TOW shall my inward Joys arise/ 91.2.10 And burft into a Song; , / 2 Almighty Love inspires my Heart, And Pleafure tunes my Tongue.

2 God on his thirfty Sion-Hill Some Mercy-Drops has thrown, And folemn Oaths have bound his Lore To show'r Salvation down

3 Why do we then indulge our Fears, Suspicions and Complaints? Is he a God, and shall bis Grace Grow weary of his Saints?

4 Can a kind Woman e'er forget The Infant of her Womb, And 'monght a thousand tender Thoughts e. 9 Her Suckling have no Room?

5 " Yet, faith the Loun, should Nature change, " And Mothers Monfters prove,

" Sion fill dwells upon the Heart " Of everlasting Love:

6 " Deepon the Palms of both my Hands 12.

"I have engraved her Name; , 1.2"
"My Hand shall raise her ruin'd Walls,
"And build her broken Frame."

Rian 1.4 - Hore Sian

XL. The Business and Bleffedness of glorified Saints, Nev. vii, 13, &c.

HAT happy Man or Angels thefe, "That all their Robes are spotless olas " white; 1 7 1. 2

Whence did this glorious Troop arrive/

At the pure Realms of heav'nly Light ?" bleful,

2 From tort'ring Racks and burning Fires, And Seas of their own Blood, they came: ; - // But nobler Blood has wash'd their Robes, Flowing from CHRIST then dying Lamb. q1.24

3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne, Daysling With loud Hofannas Night and Day, Sweet Anthems to the great Three One/4/9 Measure their bles'd Eternity.

4 No more shall Hunger pain their Souls hing He bids their parching Thirst be gone 1 2

10 And spreads the Shadow of his Wings e 1.2 To screen 'em from the scorching Sun.

The Lamb that fills the middle Throne, e, Shall shed around his milder Beams; , 1.2 27/ There shall they feast on his rich Love, And drink full Joys from living Streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty Bliss renew, Thro' the vast Round of endless Years, And the fost Hand of fov'reign Grace/ e, Heals all their Wounds and wipes their Tears.

XLI. The same; or, The Martyrs glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

" THESE glorious Minds, how bright they shine!
"Whence all their white Array?
"How came they to the happy Seats
"Of everlasting Day?"

ORE, and tremble, for out Ge

- 2 From tort'ring Pains to endles Joys
 On fiery Wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their Raiment white
 In Jesu's dying Blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his Throne; 1,2,18
 Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs
 Adore the Holy One.
- Amongst his Saints reside,
 While the rich Treasure of his Grace
 Sees all their Wants supply'd.
- Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls,
 And Hunger slee as fast;
 The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree.

 Shall be their sweet Repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock Where living Fountains rise,
 And Love divine shall wipe away
 The Sorrows of their Eyes.

XLII. Divine Wrath and Mercy; from Nahum i. 1, &c.

A DORE, and tremble, for our God/
Is a * Consuming Fire;
His jealous Eyes his Wrath inflame,
And raise his Vengeance higher.

2 Almighty Vengeance Lhow it burns!

How bright his Fury glows!

Vast Magazines of Plagues and Storms

3 Those Heaps of Wrath by slow Degrees
Are forc'd into a Flame,
But kindled, Ol how sierce they blaze! h.2
And rend all Nature's Frame.

And feek a wat ry Grave;

The frighted Sea makes halte away,
And first up evry Wave.

Thro' the wild Air the weighty Rocks wik. 1.2

Are fwift as Hail-stones hurl'd: \(\text{Lied P. W} \)

Who dares engage his fiery Rage /e. 1.2. That shakes the folid World

Sits Regent on the Throne; 11,2,10

The Refuge of thy chosen Race, 2,12,10

When Wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy Hand shall on rebellious Kings
A fiery Tempest pour,

of our none ? 5

While we beneath thy shelt ring Wings. Thy just Revenge adore.

XLIV. Referred to the oth Pfalmo A

XLV. The Last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5-8. 21,

SEE where the great incarnate Gon IA
Fills a majestic Throne,
While from the Skies his awful Voice
Bears the last Judgment down.

2 [" I am the First and I the Last, 1.2/10"
"Thro' endless Years the same; 1.2/10

" I AM is my Memorial still, "And my eternal Name.

3 "Such Favours as a God can give 4 1.2 16 "My royal Grace bestows;

" Ye thirfly Souls, come tafte the Streams

Where Life and Pleafure flows.]

4 [" The Saint that triumphs o'er his Sins, " I'll own him for a Son to 1.2 of N

The whole Creation shall reward The Conquests he has won.

5 " But bloody Hands and Hearts unclean, " And all the lying Race,

The faithless and the fooffing Crew,

11211 " That fourn at offer'd Grace;

6 "They shall be taken from my Sight,"
Bound fast in iron Chains, 1.2

1

4

0,10

SOH WM.NST THE TO BOOK JE 6 " Be ev'ry Vale exalted high A mo o'T' I " Sink ev'ry Mountain low; The Proud must stoop, and humble Souls " Shall his Salvation know. The Heathen Realms with Isr'el's Land Shall join in fweet Accord: 1.2.10 And all that's born of Man fhall fee a fa The Glory of the Lorn A Corner 8 " Behold the Morning-Star arife, " Ye that in Darkness sit; " He marks the Path that leads to Peace. " And guides our doubtful Feet." LI. Preserving Grace, Jude 24, 25. O Gop the only Wife, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the Saints below the Skies / e,1. 2,10 Their humble Praises bring. 'Tis his Almighty Love, His Counfel and his Care, Preserves us safe from Sin and Death, And ev'ry hurtful Snare. He will prefent our Souls Unblemish'd and complete. Before the Glory of his Face, With Joys divinely great. Then all the cholen Seed and another Shall meet around the Throne. Shall blefs the Conduct of his Grace, And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer-Gop
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

LII. Baptifm, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acis ii. 38.

MAS the Commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the Nations and baptize." 912
The Nations have received the Word

Since he ascended to the Skies.

With Grace and Pardon in his Hands,
And fends his Cov nant with the Seals,
To blefs the diffant British Lands.

"Repent, and he baptiz'd," he faith, Aface
"For the Remission of your Sins;"
And thus our Sense affists our Faith,
And shews Us what his Gospel means.

Our Souls he washes in his Blood, As Water makes the Body clean; And the good Spirit from our God Descends like purifying Rain.

Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our Cov'nant with the LORD;
O may the great eternal Three
In Heav'n our solemn Vows record!

Horse 1. Thur 2, 10 * Confirm it oly heavenly too

the and every experience as a section in

- GOD, who in various Methods told
 His Mind and Will to Saints of old,
 Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,
 To teach us in these latter Days?
- 2 Our Nation reads the written Word, That Book of Life, that fure Record:
- Is by the sweet Conveyance giv'n.
 - 3 Gon's kindest Thoughts are here express'd,
 Able to make us wise and bless'd; 10
 The Doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for Reproof and Comfort too. 11.2,10
 - Ye British Isles who read his Love 1912/10
 In long Epistles from above 5 y chester/
 (He hath not sent his facred Word
 To ev'ry Land) Praise ye the Lord.

LIV. Electing Love: or, Saints beloved in Christ, Eph. i. 3, &c.

JESUS, we blefs thy Father's Name; //
Thy God and ours are both the fame: 1/
What heav'nly Bleffings from his Throne; 2/
Flow down to Sinners thro' his Son!

COLORS LINE WAR WAS STRUCKS ASSET

+; 10 h, ch

- 2 " CHRIST be my first Elect," he faid; , /. 2,10 Then chose our Souls in CHRIST our Head; , 1.2 Before he gave the Mountains Birth, Or laid Foundations for the Earth.
- 3 Thus did Eternal Love begin To raise us up from Death and Sin; Our Characters were then decreed, " Blameless in Love, a holy Seed." Ital 1.

4 Predestinated to be Sons, Born by Degrees, but chose at once;

110

- A new regenerated Race, 21. -1114 To praise the Glory of his Grace.
 - 5 With CHRIST our Lord we share our Part In the Affections of his Heart: 11.2,10 Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd/a Till he forgets his First-belov'd.
 - LV. Hezekiah's Song; or, Sickness and Recovery, Ifa. xxxviii. 9, &c.
 - THEN we are rais'd from deep Distress Our God deferves a Song; We take the Pattern of our Praise From Hezekiah's Tongue.
 - 2 The Gates of the devouring Grave Are open'd wide in vain, 18 19 19 11 If he that holds the Keys of Death . . . Commands them fast again.
 - 3 Pains of the Flesh are wont t'abuse apit 1. Our Minds with flavish Fears; wal 2

Or like a Dove we mourn,
With Bitterness instead of Joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing Word, And no Disease withstands; Fevers and Plagues obey the LORD, And sly at his Commands.

He can our Frame restore:

He casts our Sins behind his Back,

And they are found no more.

LVI. The Song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling, Rev. xv. 3. and chap. xvi. 19, and xvii. 6.

We found thy dreadful Name;
The Christian Church unites the Songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Of Vengeance and of Grace: P.W.15
Thou King of Saints, Almighty LORD,
How just and true thy Ways!

Or worship at thy Throne! 21.2.10
Thy Judgments speak thine Holiness
Thro' all the Nations known.

Hylgo SPIRITUAL SONGS. 4 Great Babylon that rules the Earth, Drunk with the Martyrs Blood Her Cries shall speedily awake 62 The Fury of our God. 5 The Cup of Wrath is ready mix'd. And the must drink the Dregs; Strong is the LORD, her fov'reign Judge, And shall fulfil the Plagues. LVII. Original Sin; or, The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c. Pfalm li, 5, Job xiv. 4. two allow drawle mall on a ACKWARD with humble Shame we look On our Originals , 12 How is our Nature dall'd and broke In our first Father's Fall! 2 To all that's Good averse and blind, But prone to all that's Ill; What dreadful Darkness veils our Mind! Vo How obstinate our Will! 3 [Conceiv'd in Sin (O wretched State!)
Before we draw our Breath; , 2.2 The first young Pulse begins to beat Iniquity and Death. 4 How strong in our degen'rate Blood The old Corruption reigns, And mingling with the crooked Flood, Wanders thro' all our Veins! I bro all the Nations knowns

- 2 Down to the Earth was Satan thrown: Down to the Earth his Legions fell; Then was the Trump of Triumph blown. And shook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.
- 4 Now is the Hour of Darkness past. CHRIST has affum'd his reigning Pow'r; Behold the great Accuser cast Down from the Skies to rife no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy Blood, immortal Lamb! Thine Armies trod the Tempter down; 'Twas by thy Word, and pow'rful Name. They gain'd the Battle and Renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye Heav'ns; let ev'ry Star Shine with new Glories round the Sky: Saints, while ye fing the heav'nly War. Raife your Deliv'rer's Name on high.

LIX. Babylon fallen, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

TN Gabriel's Hand a mighty Stone Lies, a fair Type of Babylon:

1000 Prophets rejoice, and all ye Saints, " God shall avenge your long Complaints." Ital

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood, He funk the Mill-stone in the Flood:

,10

"Thus, and no more be found at all." fold

Admole

LX. The Virgin Mary's Song ; or, The promis'd Meffiab born, Luke in 46, &c.

- UR Souls shall magnify the Loan;
 In Goo the Saviour we rejoice;
 While we repeat the Virgin's Song,
 May the same Spirit tune our Voice!
- 2 [The Highest faw her low Estate,
 And mighty Things his Hand hath done
 His over-shadowing Power and Grace
 Makes her the Mother of his Son.
- 3 Let ev'ry Nation call her blefs'd,
 And endlefs Years prolong her Fame;
 But Gop alone must be ador'd;
 Holy and Reverend is his Name.]
- His Mercy stands for ever fure:

 From Age to Age his Promise lives,
 And the Performance is secure.
- He spake to Abra'm and his Seed, to 45.

 "In thee shall all the Earth be bless'd:" 16.

 The Mem'ry of that ancient Word
 Lay long in his eternal Breast.
 - No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
 Lo, the Defire of Nations comes;
 Behold, the promis'd Seed is born!

EXI. CHRIST our High Priest and King; and / CHRIST coming to Judgment, Rev. i. 5-7.

The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And Strains of nobler Praise above.

- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest Sins, And wash'd us in his richest Blood; 'Tis he that makes us Priests and Kings, And brings us Rebels near to Goo.
- To Jesus our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus our superior King,
 Be everlasting Pow'r confess'd And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.
- And ev'ry Eye shall see him move;
 Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd him once;
 Then he displays his pard'ning Love,
- The unbelieving World shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the Day:
 Come, LORD; nor let thy Promise sail,
 Nor let thy Chariots long delay.

36 But now no more that the closure. No more the Gantiles he ferlocated Let the Defire of National contest

+ dad Miles or 1. and 2.7-,10

Follachest 1.

LXII. CHRIST JESUS the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation, Rev. v. 11-13.

Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"; 1.2.10.
"Worthy the Lamb," our Lips reply,
"For he was flain for us,"

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r Divine;
And Bleffings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the Sky, And Air, and Earth, and Seas, Conspire to lift thy Glories high, And speak thine endless Praise.

The whole Creation join in one, 1041
To blefs the facred Name
Of Him that fits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

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XI

On

LXIII. CHRIST's Humiliation and Exaltation, Rev. v. 12.

To thee, OLORD our God, the Lamb,
When

When all the Notes that Angels fing Are far inferior to thy Name?

- 2 Worthy is he that once was flain, The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
- At his Almighty Father's Side.
 - Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar; : 1.2/10
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.
 - 4 All Riches are his native Right,
- To him afcribe eternal Might; 1.2 Who left his Weakness on the Cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid, Instead of Scandal and of Scorn; While Glory shines around his Head, And a bright Crown without a Thora.
- Bleffings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the Curse for wretched Men;
 Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
 And ev'ry Creature say, Amen.

XIV. Adoption, I John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace
The Father has bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of Gon!

thatfully hong on 7 5th.

T

HYMNS AND Book I. 150 4 [Wonder and Pleafure tune our Voice To speak thy Praises and our Joys: . 2 Our Mem'ry keeps this Love of thine Beyond the Take of richest Wine: } 5 Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are, And black as Kedar's Tents appear; , /. 2 QYet when we put thy Beauties on, 7 Fair as the Courts of Solomon. his 6 [While at the Table fits the King, his of [While at the Table fits the King, his of the loves to fee us smile and sing:

"Our Graces are our best Persume, D.W And breathe like Spikenard round the Room.] 7 As Myrrh new-bleeding from the Tree, 5 Such is a dying CHRIST to me; And while he makes my Soul his Gueft, 1.2 Thy Bosom, LORD, shall be my Rest. 8 [No Beams of Cedar or of Fir/41.2 Can with thy Courts on Earth compare;
And here we wait until thy Love My Raise us to nobler Seats above the Zest 13.4 my P.W LXVII: Seeking the Pasture of CHRIST the Bel Ref Shepherd, Cant. i. 7. AS. 1414 CT Sol Jong 1.27-Am Amo HOU whom my Soul admires above So in All earthly Joy, and earthly Love, All earthly Joy, and earthly Lov, 10. Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Ami Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow? Bene Toff lunes 1.2110,27 lune P.W. 2440d Whedar-Ton 51.

- 2 Where is the Shadow of that Rock, That from the Sun defends thy Flock? Fain would I feed among thy Sheep, Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy Bride appear like one : That turns aside to Paths unknown? My constant Feet would never rove, Would never seek another Love.
- The Footsteps of thy Flock I see: :/-2
 Thy sweetest Pastures here they be: :/-2,10
 A wond'rous Feast thy Love prepares,
 Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans, and
 Tears.
- His dearest Flesh he makes my Food,
 And bids me drink his richest Blood: ; 2,10.
 Here to these Hills my Soul will come,
 Till my beloved lead me Home.]

LXVIII. The Banquet of Love, Cant. ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here, The Lily which the Vallies bear; Behold the Tree of Life, that gives Refreshing Fruit and healing Leaves.

Amongst the Thorns so Lilies shine, Amongst wild Gourds the noble Vine; So in mine Eyes my Saviour proves, 21.2 Amidst a Thousand meaner Loves.

Beneath his cooling Shade I fat, 97, 10 To shield me from the burning Heat;

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O'er Hills of Guilt, and Seas of Grief, He leaps, he flies to my Relief. Nowathro' the Veil of Fleih, I fee / With Eyes of Love he looks at me;

Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass @ He shews the Beauties of his Face. I

10 3 Gently he draws my Heart along/ 41.2 Both with his Beauties and his Tongue; : 1.1 "Rife, saith my LORD, make haste away; Wat "No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.

Afhows 1.2,10

Hy. 70. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 4 "The Jewish wintry State is gone,
The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on; " The facred Turtle-Dove we hear " Proclaim the new, the joyful Year. 5 " Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly Root, " Bloffoms and buds, and gives her Fruits A-1.2 Lo, we are come to taste the Wine; Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine. 6 And when we hear our Jesus fay, Yeal " Rife up my Love, make hafte away!" 10 Our Hearts would fain out fly the Wind, 87 And leave all earthly Loves behind. LXX. CHRIST inviting, and the Church anfwering the Invitation, Cant. ii. 14, 16, 17. I TARK! the Redeemer from on high Sweetly invites his Fav'rites migh; From Caves of Darkness and of Doubt, He gently fpeaks, and calls us out: 2 " My Dove, who hidest in the Rock, "Thine Heart almost with Sorrow broke, " Lift up thy Face, forget thy Fear, " And let thy Voice delight mine Ear. : 1-27 3 " Thy Voice to me founds ever fweet; " My Graces in thy Count'nance meet: ;/.27 "Tho' the vain World thy Face despise, " 'Tis bright and comely in mine Eyes.' 4 Dear Lord, our thankful Heart receives The Hope thine Invitation gives:

Amongst the Lilies where he feeds; Amongst the Saints (whose Robes are white, Wash'd in his Blood) is his Delight.

7 Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning Light I see,
- 1.2 Thine Eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkness mourn.

8 Be like a Hart on Mountains green, Leap o'er the Hills of Fear and Sin; Nor Guilt, nor Unbelief divide 1. 210My Love, my Saviour from my Side.]

LXXI. CHRIST found in the Street and brought to the Church, Cant. iii. 1-5.

OFTEN I seek my Lord by Night; 1/2
Jesus, my Love, my Soul's Delight;
With warm Desire and restless Thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

Then I arise and search the Street,
Till I my LORD, my SAVIOUR meet;
I ask the Watchmen of the Night,
Where did you see my Soul's Delight?"

A. b. - 7 2, 6 -1/4 /10 111 11

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- 3 Sometimes I find him in my Way, Directed by a heav'nly Ray; I leap for Joy to see his Face, And hold him fast in my Embrace.
- A [I bring him to my Mother's Home; , , , 2
 Nor does my LORD refuse to come
 To Sion's facred Chambers, where
 My Soul first drew the vital Air.
- Fierc'd for my Sake with deadly Smart;
 I give my Soul to him, and there
 Our Loves their mutual Tokens share.
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly Toys, Approach not to disturb my Joys; Nor Sin nor Hell come near my Heart, Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

Espousals of the Church, Cant. iii.

The Crown of Honour and of Gold, 1.2.
Which the glad Church, with Joys unknown, 10.
Plac'd on the Head of Solomon.

- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King! > 1. 2, 10 2. Accept the Tribute which we bring; 1. 2. Accept the well-deserv'd Renown, all And wear our Praises as thy Crown.
- Like our Espousals, Lord, to Thee;

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11.11. right 1.2. p.W 10.

5 Each following Minute as it flies, // W Increase thy Praise, improve our Joys; 51.2,10 Till we are rais'd to fing thy Name/e, 1.2,10 At the great Supper of the Lamb.

And bring that Coronation-Day!

The King of Grace shall fill the Throne, q 1.2

With all his Father's Glories on.

CHRIST, Cant. iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

Affection founds in every Word; , 1.2.
"Lo, thou art fair, my Love!" he cries of Not the young Doves have sweeter Eyes.

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2 [" Sweet are thy Lips, thy pleafing Voice "Salutes mine Ear with fecret Joys; 1.2

"No Spice so much delights the Smell,
"Nor Milk nor Honey taste so well.]

"Thou art all fair, my Bride, to me; //"I will behold no Spot in thee."

What mighty Wonders Love performs; //And puts a Comelines on Worms!

11.2

To entertain our SAVIOUR-GOD, 7 And Faith, and Love, and Joy appear, And ev'ry Grace be active here.

58

, 5 [Let my Beloved come and tafte His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast: / . 1.2 "I come, my Spouse, I come," he cries, With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.

6 Our Lord into his Garden comes, 41.2Well-pleas'd to smell our poor Perfumes: And calls us to a Feast Divine, Sweeter than Honey, Milk, or Wine.

" Eat of the Tree of Life, my Friends, " The Bleffings that my Father fends; "Your Tafte shall all my Dainties prove, " And drink Abundance of my Love."

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy Board, And fing the Bounties of our LORD; 1.2 But the rich Food on which we live, Demands more Praise than Tongue can give.]

LXXV. The Description of Curist the Beloved, Cant. v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

THE wond'ring World inquires to know Why I should love my Jesus so; :/2

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4 He has engross'd my warmest Love; 112,10 No earthly Charms my Soul can move: I have a Mansion in his Heart, Nor Death, nor Hell, shall make us part.] 812,10 912,10

~ 1+2,10. Where is he gon heis 5,10,14

- And shews me where his Glories are; And No Chariots of Aminadib
 The heav fily Rapture can describe.
- 6 O may my Spirit daily rife
 On Wings of Faith above the Skies,
 Till Death shall make my last Remove
 To dwell for ever with my Love.]

LXXVII. The Love of CHRIST to the Church in his Language to her, and Provision for her, 5 Cant. vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

- Appears the King, and thus he fays,

 How fair my Saints are in my Sight!

 My Love, how pleasant for Delight!
- 2 Kind is thy Language, fov'reign LORD,
 There's heav'nly Grace in ev'ry Word!: 1.2
 From that dear Mouth a Stream divine
 Flows fweeter than the choicest Wine.
- 3 Such wond'rous Love awakes the Lip
 Of Saints that were almost asleep,
 To speak the Praises of thy Name,
 And make our cold Affections slame.
- In Fields and Villages below,
 Gives us a Relish of his Love,
 But keeps his noblest Feast above.

Chariot 1.2 P,10,14.

me 2,10,14.

and the Soul's Jealousy of her own, Cant. viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

- That travels from the Wilderness, 2,2
 And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins,
 On her beloved Lord she leans?
- Bought with the Treasures of his Blood; 1.2

 And her Request and her Complaint, 2, 1,2, 10

 Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.

3 " O let my Name engraven stand

"Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand; 1.2. Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear ; P.W.

That Pledge of Love for ever there.

- Stronger than Death thy Love is known,
 - "Which Floods of Wrath could never drown;
 - " And Hell and Earth in vain combine
 - "To quench a Fire so much divine.
- 5 " But I am jealous of my Heart,
 - 15 Left it should once from thee depart;
 - "Then let thy Name be well impress'd
 - " As a fair Signet on my Breaft.

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And then receive me to thy Blifs;
All my Defires and Hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

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LXXX. An Evening Hymn, Pfalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and exliii. 8.

Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days,
And ev'ry Evening shall make known
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.

2 Much of my Time has run to waste, And I perhaps am near my Home; But he forgives my Follies past, He gives me Strength for Days to come.

Peace is the Pillow of my Head;

AMWhile well-appointed Angels keep

Their watchful Stations round my Bed.

4 In vain the Sons of Earth or Hell
Tell me a thousand frightful Things; , 1.2,10
My God in Safety makes me dwell
Beneath the Shadow of his Wings.

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O may thy Presence ne'er depart!

And in the Morning make me hear

The Love and Kindness of thy Heart.

Names 1.2 29.W, 10.14 Thus when the Hour of Death shall come, N My Flesh shall rest beneath the Ground, And wait thy Voice to rouse my Tomb, With sweet Salvation in the Sound.]

LXXXI. A Song for Morning or Evening, Lam. iii. 23. 1fa. xlv. 7.

Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new; , 1.2

And Morning Mercies from above 2, ~~

Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spread'st the Curtains of the Night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours;
Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all my drowsy Pow'rs.

J yield my Pow'rs to thy Command & ///2
To thee I confecrate my Days;
Perpetual Bleffings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

LXXXII. God far above at Creatures; or, Man vain and mortal, Job iv. 17-21.

SHALL the vile Race of Flesh and Blood
Contend with their Creator, Gon?
Shall mortal Worms presume to be
More Holy, Wise, or Just, than He! 10

night 1.2,10,14.5

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- 2 Behold he puts his Trust in none
 Of all the Spirits round his Throne! ; 1.2,10
 Their Natures, when compar'd with his,
 Are neither Holy, Just, nor Wife.
- But how much meaner Things are they Who spring from Dust and dwell in Clay! Touch'd by the Finger of thy Wrath, We faint and perish like the Moth.
- 4 From Night to Day, from Day to Night, We die by Thousands in thy Sight: 1.2 Bury'd in Dust whole Nations lie 10 Like a forgotten Vanity.
- 5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow: ;1.2,10 1.2 How frail are we, how glorious Thou! 14 No more the Sons of Earth shall dare With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII. Afflictions and Death under Providence, Job v. 6-8.

And still are upwards borne;
So Grief is rooted in our Souls,
And Man grows up to mourn.

traish 1,2,5,10,14.

- 3 Yet with my God I'll leave my Cause,
 And trust his promis'd Grace: ; 1. 2,10
 He rules me by his well-known Laws
 Of Love and Righteousness.
- Shall spoil my suture Peace: 1.2,10.

 For Death and Hell can do no more

 Than what my Father please.

LXXXIV. Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ, Isa. xlv. 21-25.

- I JEHOVAH speaks, let Isr'el hear, Let all the Earth rejoice and sear, While God's eternal Son proclaims, 2, 1.2 His sov'reign Honours and his Names:
- 2 " I am the Last, and I the First,
 - "The SAVIOUR-GOD, and God the Just;
 - "There's none belide pretends to shew
 - " Such Justice and Salvation too.
- 3 " [Ye that in Shades of Darkness dwell,
 - Just on the Verge of Death and Hell,
- Look up to me from distant Lands, Life, and Heav'n, are in my Hands.
- 4 " I by my holy Name have fworn,
 - " Nor shall the Word in vain return, ; / . 2
- " To me shall all Things bend the Knee,
 - And ev'ry Tongue shall swear to me.]

Laviore 200/15:48,1.16 17: Hyphen 3 and Car, 7-10. 68

LXXXVI. God Holy, Just, and Sovereign, Job ix. 2—10.

- HOW should the Sons of Adam's Race,
 Be pure before their Gon!
 If he contend in Righteousness 2 1.2,10
 We fall beneath his Rod.
- 2 To vindicate my Words and Thoughts,

 I'll make no more Pretence;

 Not one of all my thousand Faults

 Can bear a just Defence.
- 3 Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wife; What vain Presumers dare Against their Maker's Hand to rife, Or tempt th' unequal War?
- [Mountains by his Almighty Wrath From their old Seats are torn: 1.27.11 He shakes the Earth from South to North 12,1.2 And all her Pillars mourn.
 - Th' obedient Sun forbear to rife; 1.2,10
 Th' obedient Sun forbears: 110
 His Hand with Sackcloth spreads the Skies,
 And seals up all the Stars.
 - 6 He walks upon the stormy Sea; 1.2 P.W. Flies on the stormy Wind: 1.2 P.W. There's none can trace the wond'rous Way, Or his dark Footsteps find.]

Tants 1.2/10 xhis 1.2P.W

LXXXVII. God dwells with the Humble and Penitent, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

THUS faith the High and Lofty One,
"I fit upon my holy Throne; , 1.2,10
"My Name is God. I dwell on high.

My Name is God is I dwell on high;, 1.2.
Dwell in my own Eternity.

2 "But I descend to Worlds below; ,1.2,10 "On Earth I have a Mansion too; ,1.2,10 "The humble Spirit/and contrite o 1.2,10

" Is an Abode of my Delight.

3 "The humble Soul my Words revive; , 1.210
"I bid the mourning Sinner live;
"Heal all the broken Hearts I find,

And ease the Sorrows of the Mind.

"I make them know how vile they've been;

But should my Wrath for ever smoke,
Their Souls would fink beneath my Stroke."

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O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh, Lest we should faint, despair and die! Thus shall our better Thoughts approve The Methods of thy chast'ning Love.]

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LXXXVIII. Life the Day of Grace and Hope, Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

The Time to ferve the LORD,
The Time t' infure the great Reward, ; / 2
And while the Lamp holds out to burn / 2.10
The vilest Sinner may return.

[Life is the Hour that God hath giv'n has 1.2

The Day of Grace, and Mortals may Secure the Blessings of the Day.

3 The Living know that they must die; 1.2.10
But all the Dead forgotten lie; 7
Their Mem'ry and their Sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Their Hatred and their Love is lost,
Their Envy bury'd in the Dust;
They have no Share in all that's done
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.

Then what my Thoughts design to do,
My Hands, with all your Might pursue;
Since no Device nor Work is found,
Nor Faith nor Hope, beneath the Ground.
There are no Acts of Pardon past
In the cold Grave to which we haste;

LXXXIX. Youth and Judgment, Ecclef. xi. 9.

I E Sons of Adam, vain and young, Indulge your Eyes, indulge your Tongue; Tafte the Delights your Souls defire, And give a Loofe to all your Fire:

2 Pursue the Pleasures you design,
And cheer your Hearts with Songs and Wine;
Enjoy the Day of Mirth but know

There is a Day of Judgment too. 1912,

His Book records your fecret Faults;
The Works of Darkness you have done
Must all appear before the Sun.

A The Vengeance to your Follies due / 4/.2.
Should strike your Hearts with Terror thro';
How will ye stand before his Face,
Or answer for his injur'd Grace?

Almighty God, turn off their Eyes

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From these alluring Vanities: ; 1.2.

And let the Thunder of thy Word

Awake their Souls to fear the LORD.

XC. The Same.

Fairb nor Mope, beneath the Gre

And thro' all Nature rove,

The 2th 21. 11 has but

Fulfil the Wishes of their Eyes, And Taste the Joys they love.

- 2 They give a Loose to wild Desires;
 But let the Sinners know, 2,10
 The strict Account that God requires
 Of all the Works they do.
- The Judge prepares his Throne on high,
 The frighted Earth and Seas
 Avoid the Fury of his Eye,
 And flee before his Face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful Day,
 And stand the fiery Test?

 I'd give all mortal Joys away
 To be for ever blest.

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XCI. Advice to Youth; or, Old Age and Death in an unconverted State. Eccles. xii. 1, 7.

Isa. xlv. 20. 65.20.

Remember your Creator, Gon: 1.2 Behold, the Months come hast'ning on When you shall say, "My Joys are gone." Mal 2 Behold the aged Sinner goes 21.7 11.2

Laden with Guilt and heavy Woes, 2.2

Down to the Regions of the Dead,
With endless Curses on his Head.

The Dust returns to Dust again; , 1.2.
The Soul in Agonies of Pain

9 1.2,10.14. 2 + 91.2 HAVE

Ascends to GoD; not there to dwell, But hears her Doom, and finks to Hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy Name; 1.2,10
1.1 Teach me to know how frail I am; 10
And when my Soul must hence remove,
Give me a Mansion in thy Love.

XCII. CHRIST the Wisdom of God, Prov.

SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her Speech be heard?
The Voice of God's Eternal Word,
Deserves it no Regard?

2 "I was his chief Delight,
"His Everlasting Son,

" Before the first of all his Works 1.2.
" Creation was begun.

[" Before the flying Clouds, or

"Before the Fields, before the Floods,

" I dwelt at his right Hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the Skies,
"And built them, I was there / 4.1.2

To order when the Sun should rise,

" And marshal ev'ry Star.

When he pour'd out the Sea,

" And spread the flowing Deep; , 1.2

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"I gave the Flood a firm Decree
"In its own Bounds to keep.]

where 1. 2,10. 14 11d

XCIV. Justification by Faith, not by Works; or, The Law condemns, Grace justifies, Rom. iii. 19-22.

Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
And all their Actions Guilt.

- 2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths 10, 10, 10
 Without a murm ring Word, 10
 And the whole Race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous Law To justify us now, Since to convince and to condemn Is all the Law can do.
- When in thy Name we trust, A 1.2,1

 Our Faith receives a Righteourness

 That makes the Sinner just.

XCV. Regeneration, John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

Nor Rites that God has giv'n,
Nor Will of Man, nor Blood, nor Birth,
Can raise a Soul to Heav'n.

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2 The fov'reign Williof God alone Creates us Heirs of Grace; Born in the Image of his Son,
A new peculiar Race.

- 3 The Spirit, like fome heav'nly Wind, Blows on the Sons of Flesh, New-models all the carnal Mind, And forms the Man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd Souls awake and rife
 From the long Sleep of Death;
 On heav'nly Things we fix our Eyes,
 And Praise employs our Breath.

XCVI. Election excludes Boasting, 1 Cot. i. 26-31.

- But few of noble Race,
 Obtain the Favour of thine Eyes,
 Almighty King of Grace!
- Por Sons and Heirs of God; And thus he pours abundant Shame On honourable Blood.
- The Myst'ries of his Grace,
 To bring aspiring Wisdom low,
 And all its Pride abase.
- When brought before his Throne;
 No Flesh shall in his Presence boast, e, 1.2

 But in the LORD alone.

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XCVII. CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.

- BURY'D in Shadows of the Night, We lie till Christ restores the Light; Wisdom descends to heal the Blind, And chase the Darkness of the Mind.
- 2 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears/4/2
 Till his atoning Blood appears;
 Then we awake from deep Distress,
 And sing, The Lord our Righteousness.
- Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin; , !His Spirit makes our Natures clean;
 Such Virtues from his Suff'rings flow,
 At once to cleanfe and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains; 1.2//
 He fets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
 The Iron Bondage from our Necks.
- 5 Poor helples Worms in Thee possess Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness; Thou art our mighty All ; and we
- Give our whole felves, O LORD, to Thee.

XCVIII. The Same.

Till CHRIST with his reviving Light
Over our Souls arise!

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
He fets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the curfed Chain.

LORD, we adore thy Ways, 2, 1, 2, 10
To bring us near to God; 1, 2, 2, 10
Thy fov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

XCIX. Stones made the Children of Abraham; or, Grace not conveyed by religious Parents, Matt. iii. 9.

Upon their Birth and Blood,
Descended from a pious Race, ; 1.27.W
(Their Fathers now with God.)

2. He from the Caves of Earth and Hell Can take the hardest Stones, And fill the House of Abra'm well With new-created Sons.

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Who form'd our mortal Frame,
Who call'd the World from Emptiness; 1.2
The World obey'd and came.

C. Believe and he faved, John iii. 16-18.

Did Christ the Sons of Men/e_{11.2}
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No Weapons in his Hands are feen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.

2 Such was the Pity of our God,

He lov'd the Race of Men so well,

He sent his Son to bear our Load

Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.

3 Sinners, believe the SAVIOUR'S Word,
Trust in his mighty Name, and live; equal the Athousand Joys his Lips afford,
His Hands a thousand Blessings give.

4 But Vengeance and Damnation lies On Rebels, who refuse the Grace; 2/1.2, Who Gon's eternal Son despise 2.1.2, The hottest Hell shall be their Place.

CI. Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner, Luke xv. 7, 10.

To fee a Prodigal return,

To fee an Heir of Glory born?

TMan 1.2 P.W. 10,14

- The Fruit of his eternal Love; The Son with Joy looks down and fees The Purchase of his Agonies.
- The Spirit takes Delight to view
 The holy Soul he form'd anew;
 And Saints and Angels join to fing
 The growing Empire of their King.

CII. The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 3-12.

- Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,

 And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]
- 2 [Blefs'd are the Men of broken Heart, 10 Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart; , , . The Blood of Chars't divinely flows, A healing, Balm for all their Woes.]
 - 3 [Bless'd are the Meek, who stand afar from Rage and Passion, Noise and War; 1.2 God will secure their happy State, And plead their Cause against the Great.]
 - 4 [Blefs'd are the Souls that thirst for Grace, E. Hunger and long for Righteousness: 2,16. 2,16. They shall be well supply'd, and fed, With living Streams and living Bread.]
 - 5 [Blefs'd are the Men whose Bowels move, And melt with Sympathy and Love; From Christ the Lord shall they obtain Like Sympathy and Love again.]

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7 [Bless'd are the Men of peaceful Life, Who quench the Coals of growing Strife; 11.2 They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss, The Sons of God, the God of Peace.]

8 [Bles'd are the Suff'rers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for Jesus' Sake;
Raw Their Souls shall triumph in the LORD, 10,4
1.2,8 Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

CIII. Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i, 12.

I'M not asham'd to own my LORD,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

His Name is all my Trust; , 1.2.

Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,

Nor let my Hope be lost.

3 Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands/4, 1.2.
Till the decisive Hour.

Appoint my Soul a Place.

Heart is 1.2/10 x Powers 12 the strang P.W er P.W

has 1.2,10,14.

hath als 2

The Beams of Glory in his Word 1.2

3. Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
And all the Region Peace;
No wanton Lips? nor envious Eye
Can fee or talle the Blifs.

Pollution, Sin, and Shame;
None shall obtain Admittance there
But Follow'rs of the Lamb.

The Hypocrite in vain shall strive

To tread the heavinly Ground.

CVI. Dead to Sin by the Grofs of CHRIST,
Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

ite good spirit of our

SHALL we go on to fin Because thy Grace abounds; Or crucify the LORD again, And open all his Wounds?

Nor let it e'er be said, e. 1.2.

That we whose Sins are crucify'd,

Should raise them from the Dead.

3 We will be Slaves no more,
Since CHRIST has made us free,
Has nail'd our Tyrants to his Crofs,
And bought our Liberty.

	The Asian American Street Control of the Street Str
EV	II. The Fall and Recovery of Man; or,
(7. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.
r T	DECEIVED by subtil Snares of Hell, the Adam our Head, our Father fell, P. When Satan, in the Serpent hill, I all to Propos'd the Fauit that God forbid.
2 I	Death was the Threat'ning. Death began A: Fo take Possession of the Man; His unborn Race receiv'd the Wound, And heavy Curses smote the Ground.
3 I	But Satan found a worse Reward on A Thus saith the Vengeance of the Lord, Italy Let everlasting Hatred be Betwist the Woman's Seed and Thee.
4 .	The Woman's Seed shall be my Son; He shall destroy what thou hast done; Shall break thy Head, and only feel Thy Malice raging at his Heel.
7 1	He spake; and bid four Thousand Years. Roll on; fat length his Son appears; Angels with Joy descend to Earth, And sing the young Redeemer's Birth.
F	Lo, by the Sons of Hell he dies; But as he hung twixt Earth and Skies, A, Y He gave their Prince a fatal Blow; And triumph'd o'er the Pow'rs below.]

CVIII. CHRIST unfeen and beloved, I Pet. i. 8.

- Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
 And love him in his Word.
- On Earth we want the Sight
 Of our Redeemer's Face.
 Yet, LORD, our inmost Thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy Grace.
 - And when we tafte thy Love / 2, 9~2~

 Our Joys divinely grow.

 Unspeakable / like those above, en ~1.2/10

 And Heav'n begins below.
- CIX. The Value of CHRIST, and his Righteousness, Phil. iii. 7-9.
- Of all the Duties I have done;
 I quit the Hopes I held before,
 To trust the Merits of thy Son.
- What was my Gain I count my Loss: , 1.2, 10
 My former Pride I call my Shame,
 And nail my Glory to his Cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All Things but Loss for Jesus' Sake:
 O may my Soul be found in him,
 And of his Rightcousness partake!

Hy. 110. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 4 The best Obedience of my Hands / 2, 1.2 Dares not appear before thy Throne; But Faith can answer thy Demands 1 2 1.2,46 By pleading what my LORD has done. D. we confess our hum CX. Death and immediate Glory, 2 Cor. v. 1,5-8. The bala HERE is a House not made with Hands, Eternal and on High; And here my Spirit waiting stands Till Goo fhall bid it fly. 2 Shortly this Prison of my Clay Must be dissolv'd and fall; Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey Thy heav'nly Father's Call. 3 'Tis He, by his Almighty Grace, That forms Thee fit for Heav'n; 1.2,10 And, as an Earnest of the Place, 2000 Has his own Spirit giv'n. 4 We walk by Faith of Joys to come; 11.211 Faith lives upon his Word; But while the Body is our Home, 2, 1.2 We're absent from the LORD. 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace, But we had rather fee; sees list aw We would be absent from the Flesh, And present, LORD, with Thee. weer 10 31

That all our Hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin.

The Spirit is fent down to breathe On fuch dry Bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the Dead we live anew;
-And justify'd by Grace,
We shall appear in Glory too;
And see our Father's Face.

+ - query 14-11-17/

The Brazen Serpent; or Looking CXII. Jesus, John iii. 14-16.

I O did the Hebrew Prophet raise The brazen Serpent high; The Wounded felt immediate Eafe, The Camp forbore to die.

0

2 " Look upward in the dying Hour, " And live," the Prophet cries; But CHRIST performs a nobler Cure, a. 1.2/16
When Faith lifts up her Eyes.

3 High on the Cross the Saviour hung, High in the Heav'ns he reigns; Here Sinners, by th' old Serpent stung, Look, and forget their Pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up, A dying World revives: 18 2112 The Jew beholds the glorious Hope, Mills Th' expiring Gentile lives. If pure and holy be the Root.

CXIII. Abraham's Bleffing on the Gentiles, Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14. T :

TOW large the Promise ! how divine, To Abra'm and his Seedlew bnA " I'll be a God to thee and thine, Supplying all their Need."

The Words of his extensive Love 100 From Age to Age endure; 1919 900 ml

on 1.2,10'14.

HYMNS AND BOOK I. The Angel of the Cov'nant proves, And feals the Bleffing fure. 3 Jesus the ancient Faith confirms 191 To our great Fathers giv'n; He takes young Children to his Arms,7 And calls them Heirs of Heav'n. Our Gop! how faithful are his Ways! His Love endures the same: Nor from the Promise of his Grace Blots out his Childrens Name. und litts are not in CXIV. The Same, Rom. xi. 16, 17. Y-ENTILES by Nature, we belong To the wild Olive-Wood; , 1.2 Grace takes us from the barren Tree, And grafts us in the good. 2 With the same Bleffing Grace endows. The Gentile and the Jew; If pure and holy be the Root, Such are the Branches too. 3 Then let the Children of the Saints Be dedicate to GoD; Pour out thy Spirit on them, LORD! A) And wash them in thy Blood. Thus to the Parents and their Seed Shall thy Salvation come, And numirous Housholds meet at last In one eternal Home.

CXV. Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

I ORD, how secure my Conscience was,
And selt no inward Dread!
I was alive without the Law,
And thought my Sins were dead.

2 My Hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright;
But fince the Precept came
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My Guilt appear'd but small before, Fill terribly I saw How Persect, Holy, Just and Pure Was thine eternal Law.

4 Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
My Sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my Hopes were flain.]

I'm like a helples Captive sold
Under the Pow'r of Sin;
I cannot do the Good I would,
Nor keep my Conscience clean.

For some kind Pow'r to save,

To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
And thus redeem the Slave.

CXVI. Love to GoD and our Neighbour, Matt. xxii, 37-40.

HUS faith the first, the great Command,
"Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy Gon,
"With utmost Vigour and Delight.

2 "Then shall thy Neighbour next in Place "Share thine Affections and Esteem; 1/2

"And let thy Kindness to thyself
"Measure and rule thy Love to him."

This is the Sense that Moses spoke,
This did the Prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the Law is broke,
And the whole Law's fulfill'd by Love.

6

How cold our Charity and Zeal!
LORD, fill our Souls with heavinly Fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy Will.

CXVII. Election sovereign and free, Rom. ix. 21-24.

BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay, He forms his Vessels as he please; Such is our God, and such are we, The Subjects of his high Decrees.

2 Doth not the Workman's Pow'r extend, O'er all the Mass, which Part to choose,

Nom 1x. 21.22,23.20 1.27-

HY: DD7 SPIRITUAL SONGS. And mould it for a nobler End. And which to leave for viler Use?] 3 May not the foy'geign Lord on high Dispense his Favours as he will; 1.2,10?1 Choose some to Life, while others die, 51.2 And yet be just and gracious still? 4 [What, if to make his Terror known, He lets his Patience long endure, Suff'ring vile Rebels to go on 1 2 1. 2 10 And seal their own Destruction sure? 5 What, if He means to shew his Grace, 21.2 And his electing Love employs To mark out some of mortal Race, And form them fit for heav'nly Joys?] 6 Shall Man reply against the LORD, And call his Maker's Ways unjust? 2 1.2 The Thunder of whose dreadful Word, Can crush a thousand Worlds to Dust! 7 But, O my Soul, if Truths to bright hoth 10 Should dazzle and confound thy Sight, Yet still his written Will obey, The And wait the great decifive Day. 8 Then shall he make his Justice known, And the whole World before his Throne, 2,1.2 With Joy or Terror shall confess of 1.2 >1 The Glory of his Righteousness. c. pincheation: 0188 140 1000 1 2, 17 terror

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CXVIII. Moses and CHRIST; or, Sins against the Law and Gospel, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

THE Law by Moses came,
But Peace and Truth and Love,
Were brought by CHRIST (a nobler Name)
Descending from above.

- Amidst the House of God Their diff'rent Works were done; Moses a faithful Servant stood, But Christ a faithful Son.
- Then to his new Commands
 Be ftrict Obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's House he stands
 The Sov'reign and the Head.
- The Man that durft despise
 The Law that Moses brought, 30.2,10.
 Behold! how terribly he dies
 For his presumptuous Fault.
- On that rebellious Race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
 And dare resist his Grace.

CXIX. The

CXIX. The different Success of the Gospel, 1 Cor, : i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

CHRIST and his Cross is all our Theme: ; 1.2.
The Myst'ries that we speak
Are Scandal in the Jews Esteem,
And Folly to the Greek.

But Souls enlighten'd from above,
With Joy receive the Word;
They see what Wisdom, Pow'r and Love,
Shines in their dying LORD.

The vital Savour of his Name
Restores their fainting Breath;
But Unbelief perverts the same
To Guilt, Despair and Death.

Till God diffuse his Graces down, Like Show'rs of heav'nly Rain,
In vain Apollos sows the Ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

XX. Faith of Things unseen, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

PAITH is the brightest Evidence
Of Things beyond our Sight,
Breaks thro' the Clouds of Flesh and Sense,
And dwells in heav'nly Light.

F

Shines in the

CX

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2 It sets Times past in present View, Brings distant Prospects home, Of Things a thousand Years ago, Or thousand Years to come.

3 By Faith we know the Worlds were made By God's Almighty Word; Abra'm to unknown Countries led, By Faith obey'd the Lord.

He fought a City fair and high,
Built by the eternal Hands; 1,2,10

And Faith affures us tho' we die, hat '!!

That heav'nly Building flands. I do not be a selected as the selected are the selected as the selected are the selected are the selected as the selected are the select

CXXI. Children devoted to God, Gen, xvii.

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

THUS faith the Mercy of the LORD,

1 10 " I'll be a God to thee; 17.2"

" I'll blefs thy num'rous Race, and they in Shall be a Seed for me," and on a grey

And gave his Son to GoD;
But Water feals the Bleffing now,
That once was feal'd with Blood.

When she received the Word;
Thus the believing Jailor gave

His Houshold to the LORD.

4 Thus later Saints, Eternal King 1

Thine ancient Truths embrace;

1 Sons 1.2, 10,14, Truth 1.21

Ly W.P.

Ly W.P.

To thee their Infant Offspring bring,

CXXII. Believers buried with CHRIST in Baptism, Rom. vi. 3, &c.

- That we are bury'd with the Lord; 1.2
 Baptiz'd into his Death, and then
 Put off the Body of our Sin.
- 2 Our Souls receive diviner Breath,
 Rais'd from Corruption, Guilt, and Death 4 1.2
 So from the Grave did Christ arife,
 And lives to God above the Skies.
- No more let Sin or Satan reign
 Over our mortal Flesh again;
 The various Lusts we serv'd before, 2, 1.2, 1.2
 Shall have Dominion now no more.

CXXIII. The Repenting Prodigal, Luke xv.

BEhold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine Has wasted his Estate,
He begs a Share amongst the Swine 7
To taste the Husks they eat 1

"I die with Hunger here," he cries; " I flarve in foreign Lands;

"My Father's House has large Supplies,
"And bounteous are his Hands.

2.1

Had, all 7-1-1.0,10,14

6

A thousand new-born Babes are dead, e 2,10 By fatal Union to their Head.

- But whilst our Spirits; fill'd with Awe, 297 Behold the Terrors of thy Law, We fing the Honours of thy Grace, That sent to save our ruin'd Race.
- We fing thine everlasting Son,
 Who join'd our Nature to his own;
 Adam the Second, from the Dust
 Raises the Ruins of the First.
- Thro' all his Seed the Mischief ran; And by one Man's Obedience now Are all his Seed made righteous too.
 - 6 Where Sin did reign and Death abound, There have the Sons of Adam found Abounding Life; there glorious Grace. Reigns thro' the LORD our Righteousness.]
 - CXXV. CHRIST's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted, Heb. iv. 15, 16. and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.
 - of our High-Priest above;
 His Heart is made of Tenderness,
 His Bowels melt with Love.

n.

4

He knows our feeble Frame; 1.2,10
He knows what fore Temptations mean,
For he has felt the fame.

 \mathbf{F}_3

3 But spotless, innocent and pure, 20 .10 The great Redeemer flood, U 1211 VI When Satan's fiery Darts he bore,

And did refift to Blood. 4 He in the Days of feeble Flesh Pour'd out his Cries and Tears, And in his Measure feels afresh

What ev'ry Member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the fmoking Flax, But raise it to a Flame; The bruifed Reed he never breaks. Nor scorns the meanest Name.]

6 Then let our humble Faith address His Mercy and his Pow'r, We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace In the diffresting Hour.

CXXVI. Charity and Uncharitableness, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 22.

OT diff'rent Food for diff'rent Dres, Compose the Kingdom of our LORD; But Peace and Joy, and Righteoufness, Faith, and Obedience to his Word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise, We do the Gospel mighty Wrong: For God, the gracious and the wife, Receives the Feeble with the Strong.

3 Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence, Meekness and Love our Souls pursue : 11

Nor shall our Practice give Offence and H To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew. 41.2

White 1.27. 10,14.

CXXVII. CHRIST's Invitation to Sinners; or, Humility and Pride, Matt. xi. 28-30.

- "COME hither, all ye weary Souls,
 "Ye heavy laden Sinners come: , / . 2 "I'll give you Rest from all your Toils, "And raife you to my heav'nly Home.
- " They shall find Rest that learn of me; , W " I'm of a meek and lowly Mind; "But Passion rages like the Sea,

" And Pride is reftless as the Wind.

s,

11.

3 " Bless'd is the Man whose Shoulders take " My Yoke, and bear it with Delight;

" My Yoke is easy to his Neck, " My Grace shall make the Burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy Command; , 1.2,10 With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal, on a Refign our Spirits to thy Hand, To mould and guide us at thy Will.

CXXVIII. The Apostles Commission; or, The Gofpel attested by Miracles, Mark xvi. 15, &c.

Matt. xxviii. 18, &c. 9/m//21 41 O, preach my Gospel," faith the

66 LORD; 11: / " Bid the whole Earth my Grace receive: ;2

7,4 crossinte FA ~13.1941.914

HYMNSANDE Book I. 1102 " He shall be sav'd that trusts my Word; 1.2 " He shall be damn'd that won't believe. " [I'll make your great Commission known, " And ye shall prove my Gospel true, " By all the Works that I have done, "" By all the Wonders ye shall do. "Go heal the Sick, go raise the Dead, " Go cast out Devils in my Name; " Nor let my Prophets be afraid, "Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaf-" pheme.] 4 " Teach all the Nations my Commands; , 1.2 " I'm with you till the World shall end; "All Pow'r is trusted in my Hands, " I can destroy, and ean desend." 5 He spake, and Light shone round his Head;, 1.7 On a bright Cloud to Heav'n he rode: · They to the farthest Nations spread The Grace of their ascending GoD. CXXIX. Submission and Deliverance; or, Abrabam offering his Son, Gen. xxii. 6, &c. I CAINTS, at your heav'n Father's Word Give up your Comforts to the LORD; He shall restore what you resign, Or grant you Bleffings more divine. 2 So Abra'm, with obedient Hand, 290 Led forth his Son at Gon's Command; The Wood, the Fire, the Knife took, His Arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke. × 9 1.2,10 7 x to 7:2in 9. W10 con P. W. 6 2994.2 P.W

I

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 9tal ~ 3 " Abra'm forbear," the Angel cry'd; "Thy Faith is known, thy Love is try'd; " Thy Son shall live, and in thy Seed " Shall the whole Earth be bless'd indeed. The LORD displays deliv'ring Pow'r; The Mount of Danger is the Place Where we shall see surprising Grace. CXXX. Love and Hatred, Phil. ii. 2. Eph .: iv. 30, &c. TOW by the Bowels of my God, His sharp Distress, his fore Complaints, By his last Groans, his dying Blood, I charge my Soul to love the Saints. 2/ Clamour and Wrath and War be gone, Envy and Spite for ever cease;) 1,2,10 Let bitter Words no more be known Amongst the Saints, the Sons of Peace. 3. The Spirit, like a peaceful Dove, Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife; Why should we vex and grieve his Love, Who feals our Souls to heav'nly Life! 4 Tender and kind be all our Thoughts;,,,2 Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run: So God forgives our num'rous Faults, For the dear Sake of CHRIST his Son. ain't dyant falten heaven for heaven for the P. W

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CXXXI. The Pharifee and Publican, Luke

- BEHOLD how Sinners disagree,
 The Publican and Pharisee!
 One doth his Righteousness proclaim,
 The other owns his Guilt and Shame.
- 2 This Man at humble Distance stands, And cries for Grace with listed Hands; That boldly rises near the Throne, And talks of Duties he has done.
- 3 The LORD their diff'rent Language knows, And diff'rent Answers he bestows; The humble Soul with Grace he crowns, Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.

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4 Dear Father, let me never be Join'd with the boasting Pharisee; I have no Merits of my own, But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

CXXXII. Holiness and Grace, Tit. ii. 10-13

- So let our Lips and Lives express
 The holy Gospel we profess; 1.2
 So let our Works and Virtues shine,
 To prove the Doctrine all divine.
- Thus shall we best proclaim abroad.
 The Honours of our SAVIOUR GOD;
 When the Salvation reigns within,
 And Grace subdues the Pow'r of Sin.

- lower tap 6 ing 1.)

- 3 Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd, Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride; While Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love, Our inward Piety approve.
- 4 Religion hears our Spirits up, While we expect that bleffed Hope, The bright Appearance of the LORD, And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

CXXXIII. Love and Charity, I Cor. xiii. -7, 13.

T ET Pharifees of high Efteem Their Faith and Zeal declare, All their Religion is a Dream / e 1.2,10 If Love be wanting there.

2 Love fuffers long with patient Eye, Nor is provok'd in hafte; , 1.2 She lets the present Inj'ry die, And long forgets the paft.

[Malice and Rage, those Fires of Hell, She quenches with her Tongue; Hopes and believes, and thinks no Ill, Tho' she endures the Wrong.]

[She nor defires nor feeks to know The Scandals of the Time; Nor looks with Pride on those below, Nor envies those that climb.]

She lays her own Advantage by To feek her Neighbour's Good;

June 1.2,10,14

So Gon's own Son came down to die, And bought our Lives with Blood.

6 Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r In all the Realms above; There Faith and Hope are known no more, But Saints for ever love.

CXXXIV. Religion vain without Love, 1 Cor.

- HAD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews, And nobler Speech than Angels use, If Love be absent, I am found Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in Heav'n and Hell; 1.2
 Or could my Faith the World remove;
 Still I am nothing without Love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my Store
 'To feed the Bowels of the Poor,
 Or give my Body to the Flame
 To gain a Martyr's glorious Name;
- He absent, all my Hopes are vain: 1/2,
 Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,
 The Work of Love can ne'er sulfil.

that 1:2,10 1172.

CXXXV. The Love of CHRIST shed abroad in the Heart, Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The Joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
 Make our enlarged Souls posses,
 And learn the Height, and Breadth, and
 Length,
 Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

15,

- Now to the God whose Pow'r can do Ari'2
 More than our Thoughts and Wishes know,
 Be everlasting Honours done
 By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.
- CXXXVI. Sincerity and Hypocrify; or, Formality in Worship, John iv. 24. Psalm cxxix. 23, 24.
 - In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries (2).2

 And leave our Souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but Truth before his Throne
 With Honour can appear,
 The painted Hypocrites are known
 Thro' the Difguise they wear.

Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,

Their bended Knees the Ground;

But God abhors the Sacrifice (2,02,10)

Where not the Heart is found.

4 LORD, fearch my Thoughts and try my Ways,

Then shall I stand before thy Face, And find Acceptance there.

CXXXVII. Salvation by Grace in CHRIST, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

Be everlasting Honours giv'n,
He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.

2 Not for our Duties or Deferts, But of his own abounding Grace, He works Salvation in our Hearts, And forms a People for his Praise.

To rescue Rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us Grace in CHRIST his Son, 21.2.

And makes his Father's Counfels known;
Declares the great Transactions past,

And brings immortal Blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful Night Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy; Rising he brought our Heav'n to light, And took Possession of the Joy.

flending 1.2,10.6.14

CXXXVIII. Saints in the Hands of CHRIST, John x, 28, 29.

- IF IRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands,
 My Lord, my Hope, my Trust;
 It I am found in Jesus' Hands,
 My Soul can ne'er be lost.
- The meanest of his Sheep; , 1.2, 10
 All that his heav'nly Father gave, 2, 1.2, 10
 His Hands securely keep.
- Nor Death, nor Hell, shall e'er remove
 His Fav'rites from his Breast; , / ~
 In the dear Bosom of his Love
 They must for ever rest.
- CXXXIX. Hope in the Covenant; or, God's Promise and Truth unchangeable, Heb. vi.
- HOW oft have Sin and Satan strove To rend my Soul from thee my God? But everlasting is thy Love,
 And Jesus seals it with his Blood.
- Join to confirm the wond'rous Grace; Ja Eternal Pow'r performs the Word, And fills all Heav'n with endless Praise.
- 3 Amidst Temptations sharp and long 1.2 My Soul to this dear Refuge slies; 10

Hope is my Anchor firm and strong, 10 While Tempests blow and Billows rise.

A The Gospel bears my Spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the Foundation for my Hope,
In Oaths and Promises and Blood.

CXL. A living and dead Faith; collected from feveral Scriptures.

And make their empty Boast Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n, While they are Slaves to Lust.

- 2 Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,
 If Faith be cold and dead; 2,10
 None but a living Pow'r unites
 To Christ the living Head.
- 3 'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart; , 1.2,10
 'Tis Faith that works by Love; , 1.2,10
 That bids all finful Joys depart,
 And lifts the Thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell
 By a celestial Pow'r;
 This is the Grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive Hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's Will, As well as trust his Grace; A pard'ning God is jealous still For his own Holiness.

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Hy. 141. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 111

When from the Curse he fets us free,

He makes our Natures clean;

Nor would he fend his Son to be

The Minister of Sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our Frame,
And seals our Peace with God;
Jesus, and his Salvation, came
By Water and by Blood.]

CXLI. The Humiliation and Exaltation of CHRIST, Isa. lili. 1-5. 10-12.

Or thy Salvation known?
Reveal thine Arm, Almighty LORD,
And glorify thy Son.

The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their Belief:
Sorrows his chief Acquaintance were,
And his Companion, Grief.

They turn'd their Eyes away,
And treated him with Scorn;
But 'twas their Griefs upon him lay, Grief 1.2
Their Sorrows he has borne.

'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of Justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

" But I'll prolong his Days,

" And make his Kingdom stand;

How glorious was the Grace When CHRIST Sustain'd the Stroke! His Life and Blood the Shepherd pays, A Ranfom for his Flock.

His Honour and his Breath Were taken quite away;

quite P.W

Hx 143. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 113 Join'd with the Wicked in his Death, d- Z And made as vile as they. But God shall raise his Head O'er all the Sons of Men, And make him fee a num'rous Seed / 4/1.4 To recompense his Pain. " I'll give him," faith the LORD, " A Portion with the Strong; " He shall possess the large Reward, " And hold his Honours long." CXLIII. Characters of the Children of GoD, If from Several Scriptures. Ohew-born Babes defire the Breaft To feed, and grow, and thrive; So Saints with Joy the Gospel taste, And by the Gospel live. 2 [With inward Gust their Heart approves] All that the Word relates; They love the Man their Father loves, And hate the Works he hates.] Not all the flatt'ring Baits on Earth Can make them Slaves to Luft; They can't forget their heav'nly Birth, Nor grovel in the Dust. Not all the Chains that Tyrants use Shall bind their Souls to Vice ; Faith, like a Conqu'ror, can produce A thousand Victories.] Man P. NX 5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted Seed, 2.20]
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal Principles forbid

The Sons of God to fin.]

6 [Not by the Terrors of a Slave
Do they perform his Will, ; - 1 /
But with the noblest Pow'rs they have
His sweet Commands fulfil.]

- 7 They find Access at ev'ry Hour To God within the Vail; Hence they derive a quick ning Pow'r, And Joys that never fail.
- Of overflowing Grace; \(\cdot\). 1.2,1

 To dwell so near their Father's Seat, e, \(\cdot\). And see his lovely Face.

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Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my Heart divine.

And make my Comforts strong: ; 1.2

Then shall I say, "My FATHER GOD,"

1.2/10 With an unwav'ring Tongue.

CXLIV. The Witneffing and Sealing Spirit Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

Go mourning all their Days?

Hy. 145. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 115 Great Comforter !, descend and bring Some Tokens of thy Grace. 2 Doft thou not dwell in all the Saints, And feal the Heirs of Heav'n? When wilt thou banish my Complaints, And shew my Sins forgiv'n? 3 Affure my Conscience of her Part In the Redeemer's Blood; And bear thy Witness with my Heart, That I am born of Gop. Thou art the Earnest of his Love, The Pledge of Joys to come; And thy foft Wings, celestial Dove, Will safe convey me Home. CXLV. CHRIST and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii. and ix. ESUS, in thee our Eyes behold A thousand Glories more, 21 1.2,10 Than the rich Gems and polish'd Gold The Sons of Aaron wore. They first their own Burnt-offerings brought To purge themselves from Sin; Thy Life was pure without a Spot, And all thy Nature clean. pirit [Fresh Blood as constant as the Day, Was on their Altar spilt; Zing But thy one Off'ring takes away.

For ever all our Guilt.]

31

6

4	[Their Priesthood nan thro' fev'ral Hands,
	For mortal was their Race; do I omos
	Thy never-changing Office stands (2) 121 Eternal as thy Days.]
12	Eternal as thy Days.]

With Blood, and not his own,
Aaron within the Vail appears
Before the golden Throne.

Afcends above the Skies,
And in the Presence of our God 297.
Shews his own Sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly Hill; 100 and Hill
Looks like a Lamb that has been flain,
And wears his Priefthood still.

Before his Father's Face:
Give him, my Soul, thy Caufe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

CXLVI. Characters of CHRIST borrowed from

O worship at IMMANUEL's Feet,

See in his Face what Wonders meet!;

Earth is too narrow to express

His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

2 [The whole Creation can afford But some faint Shadows of my LORD;

but 1.29.W. 10,14.

Hy. 146. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 117
Nature, to make his Beauties known, 2900 Must mingle Colours not her own.
3 [Is he compar'd with Wine or Bread? Dear Lord! our Souls would thus be fed: ', 10 That Flesh, that dying Blood of thine, Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.]
4 [Is he a Tree? The World receives Salvation from his healing Leaves: 10/; 1.2 That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough, Is David's Root and Offspring too,]
Such Fragrancy in all her Fields: 10 Or if the Lily he assume, The Vallies bless the rich Persume.
O let a lasting Union join with Life and Fruit of All of the Member lives, And owns the vital Pow'rs he gives;
The Saints below, and Saints above, and Saints Join'd by his Spirit and his Love.]
8 [Is he a Fountain? There I bathe, And heal the Plague of Sin and Death:)/-2. These Waters all my Soul renew, And cleanse my spotted Garments too.]
[Is he a Fire? He'll purge my Drofs: , 1.2,10 But the true Gold fustains no Loss: ; 1.2,10 Like a Refiner shall he sit, And tread the Refuse with his Feet.]
x the branch to christy with the heart

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II [Is he a Way? He leads to GoD; , 1.2 10 The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood; There would I walk with Hope and Zeal, Till I arrive at Sion's Hill.

12 [Is he a Door? I'll enter in: ; 1.2,10 Behold the Pastures large and green; , 1.2 A Paradife divinely fair, None but the Sheep have Freedom there.]

. 13 [Is he defign'd/the Corner-Stone, For Men to build their Heav'n upon? I'll make him my Foundation too, Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.]

14 [Is he a Temple? I adore Th' indwelling Majesty and Pow'r; And still to his most holy Place, Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my Face.] 15 [Is he a Star? He breaks the Night,

Piercing the Shades with dawning Light; I know his Glories from afar, I know the bright, the Morning-Star.] and P

16 [Is he a Sun? His Beams are Grace, His Course is Joy and Righteousness:

All'Nations rejoice when he appears for To chase their Clouds, and dry their Tears.

17 O let me climb those higher Skies, Where Storms and Darkness never rife! a 1.2,10,14 9 this 1.21 There

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HY. 147. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 119 There he displays his Pow'rs abroad. And shines and reigns th' Incarnate God.] A//.2 18 Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars, Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears: His Beauties we can never trace. Till we behold him Face to Face. CXLVII. The Names and Titles of CHRIST. from feveral Scriptures. IS from the Treasures of his Word I borrow Titles for my LORD : Nor Art nor Nature can supply Sufficient Forms of Majesty. 2 Bright Image of the Father's Face, Shining with undiminish'd Rays; Th' eternal Gon's eternal Son. The Heir and Partner of his Throne. 7 3 The King of Kings, the LORD most High, Writes his own Name upon his Thigh: He wears a Garment dipp'd in Blood. And breaks the Nations with his Rod. Where Grace can neither melt nor move, 21 The LAMB resents his injur'd Love, Awakes his Wrath without Delay, And Judan's Lion tears the Prey. But when for Works of Peace he comes, s. What winning Titles he assumes! " LIGHT of the World and LIFE of Men;" Nor bears those Characters in vain. here acian comenta

- 6 With tender Pity in his Heart of oron T. He acts the MEDIATOR'S Part; ha A FRIEND and BROTHER he appears. And well fulfils the Names he wears.
- 7 At length the JUDGE his Throne ascends. Divides the Rebels from his Friends. And Saints in full Fruition prove His rich Variety of Love.

CXLVIII. The fame as the extviiith Pfalm:

I [] X / ITH cheerful Voice I fing The Titles of my LORD. And borrow all the Names Of Honour from his Word. Nature nor Art Can e'er fupply Sufficient Forms Of Majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold His Father's glorious Face, Shining for ever bright With mild and lovely Rays. Th' eternal Gop's

Eternal Son Inherits and Partakes the Throne.]

3 The fov'reign King of Kings, The LORD of Lords most High, Writes his own Name upon His Garment and his Thigh.

Hy. 148. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 121

His Name is call'd

"The Word of God,"
He rules the Earth
With Iron Rod.

Stal

- Where Promises and Grace
 Can neither melt nor move,
 The angry Lamb resents
 The Inj'ries of his Love;
 Awakes his Wrath
 Without Delay,
 As Lions roar
 And tear the Prey.
- But when for Works of Peace
 The great REDEEMER comes,
 What gentle Characters,
 What Titles he affumes!
 "LIGHT of the World,
 "And LIFE of Men;"
 Nor will he bear
 Those Names in vain.

6 Immense Compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's Heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's Part.
He is a Friend,
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the LORD the JUDGE His awful Throne ascends, And drives the Rebels far From Favourites and Friends:

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JOIN all the Names of Love and Pow'r That ever Men or Angels bore, All are too mean to speak his Worth, Or set Immanuel's Glory forth.

123

CXLIX.

2 But O what condescending Ways
He takes to teach his heav nly Grace!
My Eyes with Joy and Wonder see
What Forms of Love he bears for me.

With his Commission in his Hands,
Sent from his Father's milder Throne 10, 10

To make his great Salvation known.

By Thee the joyful Tidings came
Of Wrath appear'd, of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd, and Peace with Heav'n.]

I would be walking near thy Side of O let me never run aftray.

Nor follow the forbidden Way!

6 I love my SHEPHERD, He shall keep My wand'ring Soul amongst his Sheep;

HY. 149. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 123.

He feeds his Flock, he calls their Names, And in his Bosom bears the Lambs.]

- 7 [My SURETY undertakes my Cause, Answ'ring his Father's broken Laws! Behold my Soul at Freedom set, My Surety paid the dreadful Debt.]
- 8 [Jesus my great High Priest has dy'd, I feek no Sacrifice belide; His Blood did once for all atone, And now it pleads before the Throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears on high, The Father lays his Thunder by; Not all that Earth or Hell can say/ 41.2, 10 Shall turn my Father's Heart away.]
- Thy Scepter and thy Sword I fing; The A joyful Subject at thy Feet.]
 - The "CAPTAIN of Salvation" leads; 1.2
 March on, nor fear to win the Day, 16
 Tho' Death and Hell obstruct the Way.
- known,
 Put all their Forms of Mischief on,
 I shall be safe; for CHRIST displays
 Salvation in more sov'reign Ways.

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met'd and about set CL. The same as the extension Pfalm.

I TOIN all the glorious Names with Of Wifdom, Love, and Pow'r, which That ever Mortals knew, no verblo del That Angels ever bore; 1.2,10 M All are too mean To speak his Worth, have to add I Too mean to set

My Saviour forth. " bib boold 211

2 But O what gentle Terms, e, 1.2 What condescending Ways work of Doth our REDEEMER use To teach his heav'nly Grace Ismails and Mine Eyes with Joy was and Hadd And Wonder fee What Forms of Love to anoly M of He bears for me.

3 [Array'd in mortal Flesh, Idua lulyo A He like an ANGEL stands. And holds the Promises A, 10 2 1914 And Pardons in his Hands:

Commission'd from * 100 100 100 His Father's Throne but diasel on To make his Grace To Mortals known.]

4 Great PROPHET of my God, and Ha had My Tongue would blefs thy Name; 1 By Thee the joyful News in the mortavial Of our Salvation came; The joyful News Of Sins forgiv'n,

Hy. 130 SPIRITUAL SONGS. 125

Of Hell subdute of Heaving And Peace with Heaving

My PATTERN and my GUIDE;
And thro' this defert Land
Still keep me near thy Side.
O let my Feet
Ne'er run aftray,
Nor rove, nor feek

The crooked Way !]

- His watchful Eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring Soul among
 The Thousands of his Sheep:
 He feeds his Flock,
 He calls their Names,
 His Bosom bears
 The tender Lambs.
- 7 [To this dear SURETY'S Hand
 Will I commit my Cause;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken Laws.
 Behold my Soul
 At Freedom set;
 My Surety paid
 The dreadful Debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest, Offer'd his Blood and dy'd: ; 1.2,10 My guilty Conference feeks No Sacrifice beside.

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears
For my Defence on high; , 1.2,10.
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can fay,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.]

My Conou'ror and my King,
Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I fing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
Behold I fit

Behold I fit Learnes Lands and I In willing Bonds
Beneath thy Feet.

And tread the Tempter down: 1.2.

My Captain leads me forth

To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint

A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.]

And Pow'rs of Hell unknown, and old

Hospore 1:210,14./14.21-

Hr. 150. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 127 Put their most dreadful Forms Of Rage and Mischief on, 1.2,10 I shall be fase; , 1.2,10
For CHRIST displays Superior Pow'r And guardian Grace.

Spiritual Songs.

The END of the FIRST-BOOK.

appoint on White Subjects.

A Ving in Profit in Close from Give

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HYMNS AND BOOK IL Put their most dreadful Forms Of Rage and Milchief. on, For CHRIST displays Superior Pow'r AND Spiritual Songs. The ENDIN A OOK BUILD BOT composed on Divine Subjects. 1.21. A Song in Praise to GOD from Great-U10-14. TATURE with all her Pow'rs shall fing God the Creator and the King: Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas, Deny the Tribute of their Praise. 2/Begin to make his Glories known, Ye Seraphs that fit near his Throne; Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound To the Creation's utmost Bound. real Antail 1.

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HE SPIRITUAL SONGS. 3 [All mortal Things of meaner Frame, Exert your Force, and own his Name; Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice & We fing his Honours and our Joys.] 4 [To him be facred all we have / 4 1. 2 1044 From the young Cradle to the Grave: : 1. 2 Our Lips shall his loud Wonders tell And ev'ry Word a Miracle. 5 [This Northern Isle, our native Land, Lies safe in the Almighty's Hand: Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain, And own the captivating Chain. 6 He builds and guards the British Throne, And makes it gracious like his own; Makes our successive Princes kind, And gives our Dangers to the Wind. Jon A 7 Raise monumental Praises high To him that thunders thro' the Sky, and And with an awful Nod or Frown bas Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down. 8 [Pillars of lafting Brafs proclaim W 2014 ing The Priumphs of th'eternal Name; a 201/ 5 While trembling Nations read from far The Honours of the Gon of War, 1 101/1 Thus let our flaming Zeal employ Our loftieft Thoughts and loudeft Songs; Britain pronounce with warmest Joy und Hofarma from ten Thousand Tongues. In T And well infur'd his Love!

at-

HYM NS LAIME 19 BOOK LE 10 [Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame Attempts in vain to reach thy Name; The strongest Notes that Angels raise 41.2 Faint in the Worthip and the Praise.] 14.14 II. The Death of a Sinner. Y Thoughts on awful Subjects roll, Damnation and the Dead : vo in What Horrors seize the guilty Soul Upon a dying Bed! 2 Ling'ring about these mortal Shores, She makes a long Delay; 12 Till like a Flood with rapid Force, Beath Tweeps the Waetch away. 7 Then swift and dreadful the descends Down to the flery Coaft. Amongst abominable Flends; Herfelf a frighted Ghoft. There endless Crouds of Sinners lie. And Darkness makes their Chains; Tortur'd with keen Despair they cry, Yet wait for hercer Pains. 5 Not all their Anguith and their Blook For their old Guilt atones, Nor the Compassion of a God A 5 1.2 Shall hearken to their Groans. 6 Amazing Grace, that kept my Breath, Nor bid my Soul remove, Till I had learn'd my Saviour's Death, And well infur'd his Love!

III. The Death and Burial of a Saint. THY do we mourn departing Friends? Or shake at Death's Alarms! 'Tis but the Voice that Jesus fends To call them to his Arms. 2 Are we not tending upward too As fast as Time can move? Nor should we wish the Hours more flow. 11,2,5 To keep us from our Love. 3 Why should we tremble to convey Their Bodies to the Tomb? There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long Perfume. 4 The Graves of all his Saints he blefside Where should the dying Members reft, 10-14 And foften devery Bed: 1.2 their 7.10 5 Thence he arose, ascending high, And shew'd our Feet the Way Up to the LORD our Flesh shall fly At the great Rifing-day. 6 Then let the last loud Trumpet found, And bid our Kindred rife: , 1.2 ; 10-14 Awake, ye Nations under Ground; , , 2 Ye Saints, afcendute Skies. 2 and climber thy by, 120, 10,147-4

10-14

IV. Salvation in the Crofs.

TERE at thy Cross my dying God,

Beneath the Droppings of thy Blood,

JESUS! nor shall it e'er remove.

Not all that Tyrants think or say,

With Rage and Light aing in their Eyes,

With Rage and Light ning in their Eyes,
Nor Hell shall fright my Heart away,
Should Hell with all its Legions rife.

3 Should Worlds conspire to drive me thence, Moveless and firm this Heart should lie : 122 Resolv'd (for that's my last Desence) 10-14 If I must perish, there to die.

Am I not fafe beneath thy Shade! 1.2.10
Thy Vengeance will not strike me here;
Nor Satan dares my Soul invade.

Yes, I'm fecure beneath thy Blood,

And all my Foes shall lose their Aim:

Hosanna to my dying GoD;

And my best Honours to his Name.

V. Longing to praise CHRIST better.

O'er the sharp Sorrows of thy Soul,

And read my Maker's broken Laws, 9 1.2

Repair'd and honour'd by thy Cross;

Local D. W. 10.44. N. Brown

Hread P. W. 10.44. N. Brown

83219 km cm. 231

HY. 6. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 2 When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin, Vanquish'd by that dear Blood of thine; And fee the Man that groan'd and dy'd, 14.14 Sit glorious by his Father's Side, 1.2 3 My Passions rise and foar above, I'm wing'd with Faith, and fir'd with Love Fain would I reach eternal Things, 7- And learn the Notes that Gabriel fings. 4 But my Heart fails, my Tongue complains, For want of their immortal Strains And in such humble Notes as these Must fall below thy Victories. 5 Well, the kind Minute must appear back When we shall leave these Bodies here, These Clogs of Clay And mount on high To join the Songs above the Sky. and play they in anne in Comple than VI. A. Morning Song. NCE more, my Soul, the rifing Day Salutes thy waking Eyes; 1.2 Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay To Him that rules the Skies .. 14 valle 1.2 1, 52 Night unto Night his Name repeats, 2. 6524 1.51. The Day renews the Sound Wide as the Heav'n on which he fits To turn the Seasons round.) you diale 3 'Tis he supports my mortal Frame; , 1.2 My Tongue shall speak his Praise; ew 1.2,1 1 de P. W 110.14 c. filen , 6 .dl1.7: Ve

BOOK IL My Sins would rouse his Wrath to Flame, And yet his Wram delays. 4 [On a poor Worm thy Pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er withfrand : noisole : Thy Justice might have crush'd me dead, But Mercy held thine Hand. 5 A thousand wretched Souls are fled Since the last fetting Suns on course And yet thou length'nest out my Thread, And yet my Moments run.] 6 Dear God, let all my Hours be thine, Whilft I enjoy the Light; Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline, And bring a pleasing Night. John Mist An Evening Song Deland READ Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song Like holy Incense rife; 2.2.1 Like holy Incense rise: . ; 2, D.IV Affift the Off rings of my Tongue 10,14 To reach the lofty Skies. Thro all the Dangers of the Day , 1. 2-110 Thy Hand was fill my Guard, And Hill to drive my Wants away Thy Mercy Rood prepar'd. 3 Perpetual Bleffings from above Encompais me around, But O how few Returns of Love Hath my Creator found? on mus of What have I done for Him that dy'd To lave my wretched Soul? x pleasing 1.2/14 Knd, C.

How are my Follies multiply'd , 1.2,10.14. Fast as my Minutes roll!

- 5 LORD, with this guilty Heart of mine / 2, 1.2 To thy dear Cross I flee, 10.14, And to thy Grace my Soul relign / 2 1.2 To be renew'd by thee.
 - 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard ning Blood, I lay me down to Reft, As in th' Embraces of my God,

Or on my Saviour's Breaft. A1:214 An P.11

VIII. An Hymn for Marning or Evening.

- OSANNA with a cheerful Sound, 10.14 To Gob's upholding Hand; Ten thousand Snares attend us round, And yet fecure we ftand.
- 2 That was a most amazing Pow'r That rais'd us with a Word, And ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour, We lean upon the LORD.
- 3 The Ev'ning refts our weary Head, And Angels guard the Room; and We wake, and we admire the Bed That was not made our Tomb.
- 4 The rifing Morning can't affure That we shall end the Day; 1.2.), For Death stands ready at the Door To take our Lives away.

wake 2. 2 1106-10,14 * late p.W 10,14.

HYMNS AND BOOK H. 136 5 Our Breath is forfeited by Sin Ville woll To God's avenging Law; We own thy Grace, immortal King, In ev'ry Gasp we draw. To thy dear 6 Ged is our Sun, whose daily Light and A 10.14 Our Joy and Safety brings , 1.2 Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night Beneath his shady Wings. As in th' Embraces of my Gotts, IX. Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of CHRIST. LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!, 1.2 And did my Sov'reign die; Would he devote that facred Head For fuch a Worm as I? 2 [Thy Body flain, fweet Jesus, thine, And bath'd in its own Blood, While all expos'd to Wrath divine a Vossi The glorious Suff'rer flood !] 3 Was it for Crimes that I had done He groan'd upon the Tree? 10-14 Amazing Pity! Grace unknown! And Love beyond Degree! 4 Well might the Sun in Darkness hide, And shut his Glories in, When God the mighty Maker dy'd For Man the Creature's Sin. 5 Thus might I hide my blushing Face 1.2 While his dear Cross appears, 1.2/10/14. smark of with angui, 4. 1600 2-

14

140 BOOK HY MNS AND BOOK II. 3 Now from his high imperial Throne He looks far down upon the Spheres; He bids the thining Orbs roll on, And found he turns the hafty Years. 4 Thus shall this moving Engine last / 4 1.2. Till all his Saints are gather'd in; Then for the Trumpet's dreadful Blaft /21.2 To hake it all to Duft again. 145 Yet, when the Sound shall tear the Skies, And Light'ning burn the Globe below, Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes, There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you. a eartol event has a XIV. The LORD's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances. TELCOME Sweet Day of Rest le, 1.2 That faw the Lord arise, Welcome to this reviving Breaft, And these rejoicing Eyes! 2 The King himself comes near, 19.14 And feafts his Saints to-day; Here we may fit, and fee him here, And love and praise and pray. 40ne Day amidst the Place 11.2 - Where my dear GoD hath been of Is sweeter than ten thousand Days Of pleasurable Sin. My willing Soul would flay In fuch a Frame as this, And fit and fing herfelf away/ en To everlasting Bliss. 1.2110.14. the P.W 1.7:12: Was 3 54: (1)

XV. The Enjoyment of CHRIST; or, Delight in Worship.

A 12.2 F AR from my Thoughts vain World be gone,

10.14 Let my religious Hours alone; 2.16.14.

Fain would my Eyes my Saviour see; 1.2

I wait a Visit, Lord, from Thee. 10.11,

- 2 My Heart grows warm with holy Fire, And kindles with a pure Defire: , 1/2,10 Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my Soul with heav'nly Love.
- In fragrant Rows at thy right Hand,
 And in fweet Murmurs by their Side,
 Rivers of Bliss perpetual glide.
 - And spread the Table of thy Grace:
 Bring down a Taste of Truth divine,
 And cheer my Heart with sacred Wine.
 - Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare! Q 2011.
 How sweet thy Entertainments are! Never did Angels taste above
 Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.
- In thee thy Father's Glories shine; 1.210
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That Eyes have seen, or Angels known.

Topant 1. 1. 10.14.

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XVII. God's Eternity.

- R ISE, rise, my Soul, and leave the Ground; 12 Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad, 10.14 And rouse up ev'ry tuneful Sound To praise th' eternal God.
- JEHOVAH fill'd his Throne,
 Or Adam form'd, or Angels made,
 The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless Years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their Prime;
 Eternity's his Dwelling-Place,
 And fver is his Time.
- While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
 The Present and the Past;
 He fills his own immortal Now,
 And sees our Ages waste.
- And vast Destruction come! 1.2.

 The Creatures—look! how old they grow, A. ale
 And wait their fiery Doom.
- And Flame melt down the Skies; 2.10.14,

 My Gop shall live an endless Day,

 When th' old Creation dies.

= 1. 2. 10.14 4 4 17 1.6 = 744 1. 2 2 4 4 17 1.6

XVIII. The Ministry of Angels.

THE King of Glory spreads his Seat;
And Troops of Angels stretch'd for Flight
Stand waiting round his awful Feet.

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"Go, faith the LORD, * my Gabriel go, "Salute the Virgin's fruitful Womb;

" Make hafte, ye + Cherubs, down below,

" Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."

- 3 Here a bright Squadron † leaves the Skies, And thick around Elisha stands; Anon a heav'nly Soldier slies, And breaks the Chains from Peter's | Hands.
- Wait on thy wand'ring Church below;
 Here we are failing to thy Coasts,
 Let Angels be our Convoy too.
- Are they not all thy Servants, & LORD?

 At thy Command they go and come; 1.2

 With cheerful Haste obey thy Word,

 And guard thy Children to their Home.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. † 2 Kings vi. 17.

| Acts xii. 7. § Heb. i. 14.

| Heb. i. 14.

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XIX. Our Bodies frail, and God our Preserver.

ET others boaft how ffrong they be Nor Death nor Danger fear; But we'll confess, O LORD, to thee, What feeble Things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand, And flourish bright and gay; 1.2,10.14. A blafting Wind sweeps o'er the Land, And fades the Grafs away.
- 3 Our Life contains a thousand Springs, And dies one be gone: 11.2 Strange that a Harp of thousand Strings Should keep in Tune fo long.
- But 'tis our Gon supports our Frame, The God that built us first; Salvation to th' Almighty Name / 2, 1. 2. 10,14, That rear'd us from the Duft.
- He spoke, and straight our Hearts and Brains In all their Motions role; , / ; 2.10.14;

" Let Blood, said he, flow round the Veins," Ta And round the Veins it flows.

While we have Breath, or use our Tongues, Our Maker we'll adore: \$2,10.14 His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs / e, 1.2 Or they would breathe no more.] -10.14. XX. Backslidings and Returns; or, The In-

- My God, my chief Delight?
 Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
 With thee, no more by Night?
- Why should my foolish Passions rove?

 Where can such Sweetness be
 As I have tasted in thy Love,
 As I have found in thee?
- The Savour of thy Grace,
 My Heart presumes I cannot lose
 The Relish all my Days.
 - The flatt'ring World employs
 Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
 And to pollute my Joys.
- With fair deceitful Charms,

 Intrude into my thoughtless Heart,

 And thrust me from thy Arms.] P.W.

 Then I repent, and vex my Soul 10.14.

That I should leave thee so: //-2
Where will those wild Affections roll 191-2
That let a Saviour go! 2 1-2,10-14

7 [Sin's promis'd Joys are turn'd to Pain, And I am drown'd in Grief;

+ 9 Janay I can never lose upon 1:2 3 . 2 10.14.

Hr. 21. SPIRITUAL SONGS. But my dear LORD returns again, . 10 He flies to my Relief. 8 Seizing my Soul with fweet Surprife, He draws with loving Bands; Divine Compassion in his Eyes. And Pardon in his Hands.] Wretch that I am to wander thus In chase of false Delight? Let me be fasten'd to thy Cross e 121,10 14 Rather than lose thy Sight. 10 Make haste, my Days, to reach the Goal, 104 And bring my Heart to rest On the dear Centre of my Soul, My God, my Saviour's Breast.] A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer. T ET the old Heathens tune their Song Of great Diana and of Jove: ; P.W. But the sweet Theme that moves my Tongue Is my Redeemer and his Love. 207. 2 Behold a God descends and dies To fave my Soul from gaping Hell! How black the Gulph where Satan lies, Yawn'd to receive me when I fell. 3 How Justice frown'd and Veng'ance stood To drive me down to endless Pain! But the great Son propos'd his Blood, And heav nly Wrath grew mild again. x the black # 31.2 2. W. 10.14. Gaool che- 26

HYMNS AND BOOK II. 148 4 Infinite Lover! gracious LORD! , /. 1 To thee be endless Honours giv'n; 10.14. Thy wond'rous Name shall be ador'd, 2 TRound the wide Earth, and wider Heav'n. With God is terrible Majesty: ERRIBLE Gop, that reign'st on high, How awful is thy thund ring Hand! 21.2 Thy fiery Bolts / how fierce they fly! - 10-14 Nor can all Earth or Hell withstand. 2 This the old Rebel-Angels knew, And Satan fell beneath thy Frown: Thine Arrows struck the Traitor through, And weighty Vengeance funk him down. 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it ftill, And roars beneath th' eternal Load; 11.23. "With endless Burnings who can dwell, " Or bear the Fury of a God!" 21.21 4. Tremble, ye Sinners, and fubmit, Throw down your Arms before his Throne; 1/2 Bend your Heads low beneath his Feet, Or his strong Hand shall crush you down. 5 And ye, bless'd Saints, that love him too, 14 With Rev'rence bow before his Name; , 1.2 Thus all his heav'nly Servants do; God is a bright and burning Flame, mater short shall rise and wider thes strock 1.2 shorek 10.14.

XXIII. The Sight of GOD and CHRIST in Heaven.

- DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy Wings, And mount and bear us far above, 2.2.2 The Reach of these inserior Things. 10.14—
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower Say, Up where eternal Ages roll, Where folid Pleasures never die, And Fruits immortal feast the Soul.
- Of our Almighty Father's Throne; 1.2.10.14
 There fits our Saviour crown'd with Light,
 Cloth'd in a Body like our own.
- 4 Adoring Saints around him stand, And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall; The God shines gracious thro' the Man, And sheds sweet Glories on them all.
- While to their golden Harps they fing,
 And fit on ev'ry heav'nly Hill,
 And fpread the Triumphs of their King!
 - 6 When shall the Day, dear LORD, appear / 9/1.2
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow among em there,
 And view thy Face, and sing and love?
 H. 4

play 1.2 5 10,14. A amongs.

XXIV. The Evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels and Men.

And form'd all Nature with a Word,
The joyful Cherubs tun'd his Praise,
And ev'ry bending Throne ador'd.

2 High in the Midst of all the Throng,

296 Satan, a tall Archangel, sate; I 14 Amongst the Morning Stars * he sung/e, 1.2 Till Sin destroy'd his heav'nly State.

3 ['Twas Sin that hurl'd him from his Throne, Grov'ling in Fire the Rebel lies:

"How art thou funk in Darkness down, "Son of the Morning, + from the Skies!"]

Till Sin defil'd the happy Place;
They lost their Garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn Race.

5 [So sprung the Plague from Adam's Bow'r, And spread Destruction all abroad; Sin, the curs'd Name, that in one Hour Spoil'd six Days Labour of a God.]

That fuch a Foe should seize thy Breast;

Fly to the LORD for quick Relief;

1.2 O may he flay this treach'rous Guest.

10:14. * Job xxxviii. 7. † Ifa. xiv. 12.

1 welch 2 1-2 Labour 1-2

and 7. W. 10.14 Lobor 7. W

+ sato. 10 Sate 14. 97

Hy. 25. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 7 Then to thy Throne, victorious King, Then to thy Throne our Shouts shall rife, 10.14 Thine everlafting Army we fing: 12 5 e11.2 For Sin, the Monster, bleeds and dies. in T.W e11.210.14 91.2.10114 XXV. Complaining of Spiritual Sloth. Awake, my fluggish Soul! Nothing has half thy Work to do, Yet nothing's half fo dull. 10.14. 2 The little Ants for one poor Grain 10.14 Labour, and tug and ftrive; Yet we who have a Heav'n t' obtain. How negligent we live! 2 314 43 We for whose Sake all Nature stands. And Stars their Courses move; "We for whose Guard the Angel Bands & e. / " Come flying from above: :1.2 We for whom God the Son came down, 79 1.2 And labour'd for our Good, How careless to secure that Crown 14! He purchas'd with his Blood! 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still, 21.2 , 10.14 And never act our Parts! 21.2110. Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill. And fit and warm our Hearts. 6 Then shall our active Spirits move, 27- Upward our Souls shall rise: 7 With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love, We'll fly and take the Prize.

XXVI. God invisible.

ORD, we are blind, we Mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright Abode;
To glance a Thought half-way to God.

- 2 Infinite Leagues beyond the Sky

 7 27 The Great Eternal reigns alone,
 Where neither Wings nor Souls can fly,
 Nor Angels climb the topless Throne,
 - Of Gems insufferably bright,
 And lays beneath his facred Feet / 2, 10
 Substantial Beams of gloomy Night,
 - 4 Yet, glorious LORD, thy gracious Eyes
 Look through, and cheer us from above;
 Beyond our Praise thy Grandeur flies: , . . 2/10
 Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. Praise ye him, all his Angels, Psalm

- That shakes the wide Creation's Frame,
 And Satan trembles when he hears.:
- 2 Like Flames of Fire his Servants are, And Light furrounds his Dwelling-Place; But, O ye fiery Flames, declare The brighter Glories of his Face.

+ Greature - hair 1.2,10,14.

HY. 27. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 153
3 'Tis not for such poor Worms as we 2 1.2 To speak so infinite a Thing; But your immortal Eyes survey The Beauties of your Sov'reign King.
And clothes all Heav'n in bright Array: ; 1.2 Triumph and Joy run thro' the Place, And Songs eternal as the Day.
Speak (for you feel this burning Love) What Zeal it spreads thro' all your Frame; : 2 That sacred Fire dwells all above, For we on Earth have lost the Name.
That infinite right Hand of his / e, / 2,10. That vanquish'd Satan and his Crew, And Thunder drove them down from Bliss, J
What mighty Storms of poison'd Darts, Were hurl'd upon the Rebels there!—21- What dreadful Jav'lins nail'd their Hearts Fast to the Racks of long Despair.
Fast to the Racks of long Despair.] [Shout to your King, ye heav aly Host; 72 You that beheld the finking Foe: 1.2,10.14. Firmly ye stood when they were lost; 2,1.2 Praise the rich Grace that kept you so.]
Proclaim his Wonders from the Skies, Let ev'ry distant Nation hear; And while you found his losty Praise, Let humble Mortals bow and fear.
held 1.2 H. 6. His really land her 10.14 P.W. His really land what really land
He hare I. What I reader to

.

XXVIII. Death and Eternity.

- Think how a gasping Mortal lies,
 And pants away his Breath.
- 1.22 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down, 10,12
 10 His Pulfes faint and few: 1,1.2
 14Then speechless, with a doleful Groan, 2
 He bids the World adieu.
 - 3 But, O the Soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the Clay!
 Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wond rous Way.
- Up to the Courts where Angels dwell

 It mounts, triumphing there; /.2

 Or Devils plunge it down to Hell 2...

 In infinite Despair.
- And must my Body faint and die?

 And must this Soul remove?

 Or, for some Guardian Angel nigh

 To bear it safe above!

 10.6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful Hand
- My naked Soul I trust,

 And my Flesh waits for thy Command,

 To drop into my Dust.

beeble P. W. 14.

XXIX. Redemption by Price and Power.

JESUS, with all thy Saints above, My Tongue would bear her Part, Would found aloud thy faving Love, And fing thy bleeding Heart.

4

2

- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest LORD,
 Who bought me with his Blood,
 And quench'd his Father's flaming Sword
 In his own vital Flood.
- The Lamb that freed my captive Soul From Satan's heavy Chains, And fent the Lion down to howl Where Hell and Horror reigns.
- All Glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never-ceasing Praise,
 While Angels live to know his Name,
 Or Saints that seel his Grace,

XXX. Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
 And thus surround the Throne.
- Be banish'd from this Place; the 1.27.10.14
 Religion never was defign'd
 To make our Pleasures less.

to bull. 2 P.W 10.14.

HY. 32. SPIRITUAL SONGS. We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's Ground (4). 7-To fairer Worlds on high. Y e, To a mon joyful they 1. XXXI. CHRIST's Presence makes Death easy. HY should we start and fear to die? 9/1 What tim'rous Worms we Mortals 16.1 Death is the Gate of endless Joy, And yet we dread to enter there. The Pains, the Groans, the dying Strife, Jaw Fright our approaching Souls away; 1.2 7.10 Still we shrink back again to Life, 10,14 Fond of our Prison and our Clay. 3 O! if my LORD would come and meet. My Soul should stretch her Wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' Death's Iron Gate. Nor feel the Terrors as she pass'd. 4 Jesus can make a dying Bed Feel foft as downy Pillows are, While on his Breast I lean my Head. And breathe my Life out sweetly there. XXXII. Frailty and Folly. OW short and hasty is our Life! How vaft our Soul's Affairs! Yet fenfeless Mortals vainly strive To lavish out their Years. 2 Our Days run thoughtlessy along, Without a Moment's Stay; 11.2,10 りん・してからいいしてつりい 1. ved hight ze 620

8

And sheds his glorious Goodness down On all the blissful Plains,

10 4 Bright, like a Sun, the Saviour fits, 29 And spreads eternal Noon; , 1.2;10.14

that when we end the whollow her may as end the thy 1.

THE STATE OF THE S
HY. 34. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 159
No Ev'ning's there, nor gloomy Nights, To want the feeble Moon.
Behold the facred Dove, While banish'd Sin and Sorrow flies From all the Realms of Love.
6 The glorious Tenants of the Place Stand bending round the Throne; And Saints and Seraphs fing and praise The infinite Three-One.
7 [Buth O what Beams of heav'nly Grace 6,1.2 10.14 Transport them all the while! 11.4 10.14 Ten thousand Smiles from Jesus' Face, 10.14 And Love in ev'ry Smile!] . 1.2
8 Jesus! O when shall that dear Day, That forful Hour appear, When I shall leave this House of Clays O.P.W To dwell amongst them there?
XXXIV. Breathing after the Holy SPIRIT; or, Fervency of Devotion desired.
COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs, Kindle a Flame of facred Love In these cold Hearts of ours.
Fond of these trisling Toys; 2 Consolidated To reach eternal Joys
aufumings 1.2 holl wenings

2,

2 14

Rocks, Hills and Vales, resect the Voice.

XXXVI, CHRIST'S Intercession.

To fprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood,

No fiery Veng'ance now,
Who burning Wrath comes down:

If Justice calls for Sinners' Blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye

14 Our humble Suit he moves; , 1.2/10

The Father lays his Thunder by,

And looks, and fmiles, and loves,

Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honour fing: 1,2,10

Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears them to the King.

[We bow before his Face,

"Hofanna to the God of Grace 1 1 2 10 14
"That lays his Thunder by.]

6 "On Earth thy Mercy reigns,
"And triumphs all above:" 1 1. 2/10

But, Lord, how weak are mortal Strains/4/.2

7 [How jarring and how low Are all the Notes we fing!

Call 1. 2.10.

5

is his own

Sweet Saviour, tune our Songs anew, And they shall please the King.]

CHRIST'S. Interes

XXXVII. The Same.

- I IFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats
 Where your Redeemer stays: ; 1.2,10
 Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.
 - And shed his vital Blood,
 Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
 And then arose to Gon.
 - And Saints their Off'rings bring,
 The Priest with his own Sacrifice
 Presents them to the King.
 - Their Saints and Angels boast;
 We've no such Advocates as these,
 Nor pray to th' heav'nly Host.]
- JESUS alone shall bear my Cries

 10.14 Up to his Father's Throne: 1.2

 He, dearest Lord L persumes my Sighs,

 And sweetens ev'ry Groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand Praises to the King,
 1624 "Hosanna in the High of !" ; / 2
 Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
 To God and to his Christ.]

the priest stand recording

XXXVIII. Love to Go D.

e Tis but at belt a narrow Hound

Even and row to the Parmarch law

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast:
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,

14 And all in vain our Fear; 1.2/10

10:14 Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign/2/1.2

If Love be absent there.

10

3'Tis Love that makes our cheerful Feet 27.

14 In fwift Obedience move; , 1.2,10

14 The Devils know and tremble too; , 1.2

But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the Grace that lives and fings, 41.2
When Faith and Hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To fee our smiling God.

XXXIX. The Shortness and Misery of Life.

OUR Days, alas! our mortal Days
Are short and wretched too;

minble 1.

164 .20 VHOY M NOT A MOT 2 BOOK IN.

- Hat "Evil and Few "," the Patriarch fays; And well the Patriarch knew.
 - 2 'Tis but at best a narrow Bound That Heav'n allows to Men, And Pains and Sins run thro' the Round Of Threescore Years and Ten.
- Well, if ye must be sad and sew,

 Run on, my Days, in haste;

 Moments of Sin, and Months of Woe,

 Ye cannot fly too fast.
 - And call her to the Skies,

 Where Years of long Salvation roll,

 And Glory never dies.
 - * Gen. alvii. 9. 13 Conse Jus

XL. Our Comfort in the Covenant made with

- OUR God! how firm his Promise stands \
 Ev'n when he hides his Face, 1-2
 He trusts in our Redeemer's Hands
 His Glory and his Grace.
- Then why, my Soul, these sad Complaints 191-1

 Since CHRIST and we are One?

 Thy God is faithful to his Saints,

 Is faithful to his Son.
 - 3 Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd, And Part of Heav'n possess'd;

+ Then roll 1.

I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd, And trust him for the rest.

XLI. A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

- And living Waters gently roll, Fain would my Thoughts leap out and fly, But Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous Blood, dear dying CHRIST,

 14 Can make this World of Guilt remove;

 And thou can'ft bear me where thou fly'ft,

 On thy kind Wings, celestial Dove! 27

 3 O might I once mount up and see
 - O might I once mount up and see
 The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
 What little Things these Worlds would be,
 How despicable to my Eyes!]
 - Had I a Glance of thee, my Gon, 10.14
 Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon; 1.2
 Vanish as the I saw them not, 21.2/10.14
 As a dim Candle dies at Noon.
- I should perceive the Noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking Leaf, 2, 1,2
 While rattling Thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in all! Eternal King! 112 Let me but view thy lovely Face, And all my Pow'rs shall bow and fing 127 Thine endless Grandeur and thy Grace.

1. [=] ~ 20 7- 41 V 20, 10

XLII. Delight in GoD.

Y God, what endless Pleasures dwell
Above at thy right Hand!

Thy Courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy Graces stand!

2 The Swallow near thy Temple lies, 2.
And chirps a cheerful Note;
The Lark mounts upwards to thy Skies,

And tunes his warbling Throat:

3 And we, when in thy Presence, LORD 2

10:14 We shout with joyful Tongues; 11:2

1. W Or sitting round our Father's Board,
We crown the Feast with Songs.

While Jesus shines with quick'ning Grace, We sing and mount on high; But if a Frown becloud his Face, We faint, and tire, and die.

5 [Just as we see the lonesome Dove
Bemoan her widow'd State,

Wand'ring, she slies thro' all the Grove,

Wand'ring, the flies thro' all the Grove, 2, And mourns her loving Mate.

Just so our Thoughts, from Thing to Thing
In restless Circles rove,
Just so we droop and hang the Wing,
When Jesus hides his Love.

The 1.2. W. 10.14. Hear 1.2,10,14

XLIII. CHRIST's Sufferings and Glory.

- TOW for a Tune of lofty Praise
 To great JEHOVAH's equal Son: 1:2

 Awake, my Voice, in heav'nly Lays, 2,10.14

 Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the Worlds of Light, And the bright Robes he wore above;
 How fwift and joyful was his Flight 2. Mark
 On Wings of everlasting Love.
- 3 [Down to this base this sinful Earth free hard He came to raise our Nature high; Is 2 9 He came to atone Almighty Wrath; Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its Lions roar'd around; 1.2.10,14 14 His precious Blood the Monster spilt; 1.2.10 While weighty Sorrows press'd him down,

Large as the Loads of all our Guilt.]

- Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death, e. 1.2,14 Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay; 1.2,14 Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth, And rose to everlasting Day.
- O Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
 Up to his Throne of fining Grace;
 See what immortal Glories fit
 Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.
- JESUS, the GOD, exalted reigns: 1.2
 His facred Name fills all their Tongues,
 And echoes thro' th' heav'nly Plains!

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XLIV. Hell; or, The Vengeance of Gop.

- The dreadful God our Souls adore;

 S.1.2 Rev'rence and Awe become the Tongue

 10.14 That speaks the Terrors of his Pow'r.
 - 2 Far in the Deep where Darkness dwells, The Land of Horror and Despair, Justice has built a dismal Hell, And laid her Stores of Veng'ance there.
- Tormenting Racks and heavy Chains, 1.2

 Tormenting Racks and hery Coals,

 And Darts t' inflict immortal Pains,

 Dipt in the Blood of damned Souls.
- And roars, and bites his Iron Bands; In vain the Rebel strives to rife, Crush'd with the Weight of both thy Hands.]
 - 5 There guilty Ghosts of Adam's Race 2, 1, 2 Shriek out, and howl beneath thy Rod, 1, 14 Once they could scorn a Saviour's Grace, But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- As I a Sinner obey thy Saviour's Cally 2.2.14 Elfe your Damnation haftens on, 12 And Hell gapes wide to wait your Eath.

1900 1.2,10.14. Thy 10.14.

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[H Or His

[G And

XLV. Gon's Condescension to our Worship.

THY Favours, LORD, surprise our Souls!; 1-2
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the Poles
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus!

Still might he fill his starry Throne,
And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God! what poor Returns we pay
For Love so infinite as thine!
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay; 1-2
But thy Compassion's all divine.

KLVI. God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

2

Description of the Lord that reigns on high, And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlassing Praises sly,
And tell how large his Bounties are. 2

[He that can shake the Worlds he made, or with his Word, or with his Rod; 2

[His Goodness, how amazing Great! 2, 1, 2, 16

And what a condescending God!]

[God, that must stoop to view the Skies, And bow to see what Angels do,

170

Down to our Earth he casts his Eyes, And bends his Footsteps downward too.]

- And manages our mean Affairs;
 On humble Souls the King of Kings
 Bestows his Counsels and his Cares.
 - Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour Into the Bosom of our God; 1.2,10 He hears us in the mournful Hour, And helps us bear the heavy Lead.
 - 6 In vain might lofty Princes try
 Such Condescension to perform! ; 1.2,16.14
 For Worms were never rais'd so high
 Above their meanest Fellow-Worm.
 - 7 O could our thankful Hearts devise A Tribute equal to thy Grace, To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise, And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

XLVII. Glory and Grace in the Person of CHRIST.

- Awake, my Soul; awake, my Tongue;
 Hosanna to th' eternal dame,
 And all his boundless bove proclaim.

HK 18 SPIRITUAL SONGS: The spacious Earth and pow'rful Gou; 1/2/10/14 7. The spacious Earth and spreading Flood 12 7 Sparkle in every rolling Star. 4 But in his Looks a Glory flands, The noblest Labour of thine Hands The pleasing Lustre of his Eyes Outshines the Wonders of the Skies. My Thoughts rejoice at Jesus' Name 1:1-2/107 Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound; 11.2 Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground! Res, 6 OK may I live to reach the Place 291.2 Where he unveils his lovely Face; , 1.2 Where all his Beauties you behold. And fing his Name to Harps of Gold! 2. o'Neay helps ononly alay year of XLVIII. Love to the Creatures is dangerous. T TOW vain are all Things here below! How falle, and yet how fair !! Each Pleasure has its Poison too: And ev'ry Sweet a Snare. 2 The brightest Things below the Sky Give but a flatt'ring Light! A ; 1.2 We should suspect some Danger night Where we posses Delight. 3 Our dearest Joys and nearest Friends, 11.2 The Partners of our Blood. - the 1.2,10.14. and 7.10

1-14

e;

How firong it strikes the Sense!

Thither the warm Affections move,

Nor can we call them thence.

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My Soul's eternal Food;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.

XLIX. Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

DEATH cannot make our Souls afraid.

If Gon be with us there; 41.2

We may walk through its darkest Shade,

And never yield to Fear

If my Creator bid;
And run if I were call'd to go, 41.2,10
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's Top,
And view the promis'd Land,
My Flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the Command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's Arms, I would forget my Breath, And lose my Life among the Charms Of so divine a Death.

* chand 10:14 + her 1:2:10,5, ~ chand 1:24 + his 7:10 - 1 10.14 Camforth under Serrow and Pain Sol

And shew my Name upon his Heart; I would forget my Pains awhile, And in the Pleasure lose the Smart.

2 But Ol it swells my Sorrows high 2. To see my blessed Issus frown; My Spirits link, my Comforts die, And all the Springs of Life are down.

Yet why, my Soul, why these Complaints?
Still while he frowns his Bowels move;
Still on his Heart he bears his Saints,
And feels their Sorrows and his Love.

My Name is printed on his Breast;
His Book of Life contains my Name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd/e, 1.2
Than in the bright Records of Fame. 2

Those Letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair Book appear

6 Now shall my Minutes smoothly run, Whilst here I wait my Father's Will; 2 My rising and my setting Sun, Roll gently up and down the Hill.

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Lie Prant, set to h An

LI. God the Son equal with the Father.

- BRIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God!
 Our Spirits bow before thy Seat;
 To thee we lift an humble Thought,
 And worship at thine awful Feet.
- 2 [Thy Pow'r hath form'd, thy Wisdom sways
 All Nature with a sov'reign Word:
 And the bright World of Stars obeys
 The Will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and Truth unite in one, And smiling sit at thy right Hand; Eternal Justice guards thy Throne, And Veng'ance waits thy dread Command.]
- A thousand Seraphs strong and bright
 Stand round the glorious Deity: 1.2,10
 But who amongst the Sons of Light
 Pretends Comparison with Thee?
- Jesus, array'd in Flesh and Blood, Thinks it no Robbery to claim A full Equality with God.
- Their Glory shines with equal Beams, 1/2
 Their Essence is for ever one: 1/2,10-11
 Tho' they are known by diff'rent Names,
 The Father God, and God the Son.
 - 7 Then let the Name of CHRIST our King. With equal Honours be ador'd;

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the state of the s	addition.
Hy. 52. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 17 His Praise let ev'ry Angel sing,	5
And all the Nations own the Lord.]	
LII. Death dreadful or delightful.	
DEATH! 'tis a melancholy Day To those that have no God, When the poor Soul is forc'd away To seek her last Abode.	
But Guilt, a heavy Chain, Still drags her downward from the Skies et To Darkness, Fire and Pain.	
You must be driv'n from Earth, and dwell. A long FOR EVER there.	
And flashes in your Face; And thou, my Soul, look downward too,	1.1
That promis'd Heav'n to me, ; + 2: And taught my Thoughts to foar above, Where happy Spirits be.	
Then come the joyful Day; 1.2 Come, Death, and some celestial Bandy To bear my Soul away.	

LIII. The Pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth

- No cheering Fruits, no wholesome Trees,

 Nor Screams of living Joy?
 - And mortal Poisons growing of 2. 10.11,
 - With dang rous Waters flow.
 - 2 Yet the dear Path to thine Abode 11 112
 - And run at thy Command.
 - With undiverted Feet: 17 2, 10.17

 And Faith and flaming Zeal fubdue

 The Terrors that we meet.]
 - Around the Forest roam;
 But Judah's Lion guards the Way,
 And guides the Stranger's Home.
 - With searce a twinkling Ray: 1.2.
 But the bright World to which we go
 Is everlatting Day.]
 - 7 [By glimm'ring Hopes and gloomy Fears We trace the facred Road,

the 1:2,10.14.

Hyosa SPIRITUAL SONGS. 3177
Thro' dismal Deeps and dang'rous Snares (4) We make our Way to God.]
8 Our Journey is a thorny Maze, But we march upward still; Forget these Troubles of the Ways (2) (2) And reach at Zion's Hill.
Inviting us to come! ; /. 2,10.11. There Jesus the Forerunner waits / 4. (. 2) To welcome Trav'llers home!]
Our weary Souls shall sit, And with transporting Joys recount The Labours of our Feet.
In [No vain Discourse shall fill our Tongue, Nor Trifles vex our Ear; //2// Infinite Grace shall be our Song, And God rejoice to hear.]
That brought us fafely through, ; 1.2.10 Our Tongues shall never cease to sing. And endless Praise renew.
LIV. God's Presence is Light in Darkness.
The Life of my Delights, The Glory of my brightest Days; And Comfort of my Nights!
Glory P. W.

My Dawning is begun! 1.2.

He is my Soul's sweet Morning-Star,

And he my Rising Sun.

With Beams of facred Blifs,
While Jesus shews his Heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!"

At that transporting Word,
Run up with Joy the shining Way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

1'd break thro' ev'ry Foe;
10.14 The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith
10.14 Should bear the Conqu'ror through.

LV. Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms are we.

As Months and Days increase;
And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell

Leaves but the Number less.

3 The Year rolls round and steals away.
The Breath that first it gave:

Upon this earthly Clod!

91'2 For they have ne'er a God.

10.14

Well they may fearch the Creature through

11,

- 3 Shake off the Thoughts of dying too,
 And think your Life your own;
 But Death comes hast'ning on to you 1.2.
 To mow your Glory down.
- Away your Spirit flies,
 And no kind Angel near your Bed.
 To bear it to the Skies.
- And tell how bright you shine: ; /- 2-//
 Your Heaps of glitt ring Dust are your's,
 And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. The Pleasures of a good Consciences

- Who feel the Joys of pardon'd Sin!

 Who feel the Joys of pardon'd Sin!

 Should Storms of Wrath shake Earth and Sea,

 Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.
 - The Day glides swiftly o'er their Heads,
 Made up of Innocence and Love;
 And foft and filent as the Shades
 Their nightly Minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come on, But fly not half so swift away; Their Souls are ever bright as Noon, 1.1 And calm as Summer-Evinings be.
- Where Groves of living Pleasure grow!

fast 1.210.14 + d'in + 1

Hy. 58. SPIRITUAL SONGS. And longing Hopes and cheerful Smiles, Sit undiffurb'd upon their Brow.] They forn to feek our golden Toys, But spend the Day and share the Night/21.2 In numb'ring o'er the richer Joys That Heav'n prepares for their Delight. 6 While wretched we, like Worms and Moles, 2 Lie grov'ling in the Dust below; 1.1.2 2 Almighty Grace renew our Souls, & And we'll aspire to Glory too. I se the next Age thy Paine prolong, LVIII. The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of GoD. IME! what an empty Vapour 'tis! And Days how fwift they are! Swift as an Indian Arrow flies. Or like a shooting Star. The present Moments just appear, Then slide away in haste, and dance That we can never say, "They're here ? 912 But only fay, " They're paft."] 3 [Our Life is ever on the Wing, And Death is ever nigh: The Moment when our Lives begin 211.2 We all begin to die.] 4 Yet, mighty Gon! our fleeting Days Thy lafting Favours share, Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace Thou load'ft the rolling Year.

change

4

- 5 'Tis fov'reign Mercy finds us Food, And we are cloth'd with Love: ; W While Grace stands pointing out the Road, That leads our Souls above.
- 6 His Goodness runs an endless Round;
 All Glory to the Lord! : 1.2
 His Mercy never knows a Bound;
 And be his Name ador'd!
- Thus we begin the lasting Song; 1.2

 And when we close our Eyes, 7

 Let the next Age thy Praise prolong 1.2

 Till Time and Nature dies.

LIX. Paradife on Earth.

- That tells his Saints of Joys on high,
 And gives a Taste below,
- 2 [Glory to God that stoops his Throne, 2,1.2 That Dust and Worms may see't, And brings a Glimpse of Glory down, 2,1.2 Around his sacred Feet.
- 3 When CHRIST with all his Graces crown'd Sheds his kind Beams abroad, I2 or or 'Tis a young Heav'n on earthly Ground, And Glory in the Bud.
- In this wild Defert springs, : 1.2.

 And ev'ry Sense I straight employ.

 On sweet celestial Things.

to climb ye sky

- Mhite Lilies all around appear,
 And each his Glories shows: ; 1.2 W.P.
 The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
 The fairest Flow'r that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly Fruit,
 And drink the Pleasures down,
 Pleasures that flow hard by the Foot
 Of the eternal Throne.]
- How foon my Joys decay! 1.2

 How foon my Sins arise;

 And snatch the heav'nly Scene away

 From these lamenting Eyes.
- 8 When shall the Time, dear Jesus, when
 The shining Day appear,
 That I shall leave these Clouds of Sin, those
 And Guilt and Darkness here?
- My hasty Feet would go,
 There everlasting Flow'rs arise,
 And Joys unwith'ring grow.
- LX. The Truth of God the Promiser; or, The Promises are our Security.

2

- Praise to the God whose strong Decrees

 Sway the Creation as he please.
 - 2 Praise to the Goodness of the LORD/212 Who rules his People by his Word,

- 2 90 And there, as strong as his Decrees, 2, 3,2 He sets his kindest Promises.
- 3 [Firm are the Words his Prophets give, 21-2 Sweet Words on which his Children live; Each of them is the Voice of God.
- 21.2 Who spoke and spread the Skies abroad.

184

- That bid the new-made World go round, 1.2
 And stronger than the solid Poles 2.

 On which the Wheel of Nature rolls.
- Whence then feweld Doubts and Fears arise?
 Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes?
 Slowly, alas! our Mind receives
 The Comforts that our Maker gives.
- To credit what th' Almighty faith!
 To embrace the Message of his Son,
 And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.
 - 7 Then should the Earth's old Pillars shake, And all the Wheels of Nature break, Our steady Souls would fear no more \$2.2 Than solid Rocks when Billows roar. W 2.W
 - 8 Our everlasting Hopes arise.

 Above the ruinable Skies,
 - And his own Court his Pow'r fustains.

4 Heavan 1.2 and n.W

Tand costage. W. "cade les (?)

LXI. A Thought of Death and Glory.

- Y Soul, come meditate the Day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this House of Clay, And sly to unknown Lands.
- The hollow gaping Tomb; , , 2 2/1.2
 This gloomy Prison waits for you 2/1.2
 Whene'er the Summons come.]
- O could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their Stead; // 2.
 Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the Dead:
- In their own glorious Forms, 1.2 1.2

 And wonder why our Souls should love

 To dwell with mortal Worms.
- These Fetters and this Load: 1.2

 And long for Evining to undress,

 That we may rest with Goo. 2.

 6 We should almost forsake our Clay

one cternal has

profit to want take a si

Before the Summons come,
And pray, and wish our Souls away
To their eternal Home,

LXII. God the Thunderer; or, The last Judgment and Hell*.

- SING to the LORD, ye heav'nly Hosts; 1.2 And thou, O Earth, adore: 1.2 Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coasts Stand trembling at his Pow'r.
- And from his awful Tongue / 2 6 9

 A fov'reign Voice divides the Flames,

 And Thunder roars along.
 - When this incensed God Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea, And sling his Wrath abroad.
 - 5 What shall the Wretch the Sinner do?
 He once defy'd the LORD:
 But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
 And sink beneath his Word.
 - 6 Tempests of angry Fire shall roll
 To blast the Rebel-Worm,
 And beat upon his naked Soul
 In one eternal Storm.
 - Made in a great Storm of Thunder, August 20, 1697.

1 1 100 1.2 Sovereign 5110114 + miply 1.

LXIII. A Funeral Thought.

- HARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound,
 My Ears attend the Cry;
 Ye living Men come view the Ground / 1/-2
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 " Princes, this Clay must be your Bed, "In Spite of all your Tow'rs!

1.2

2

- "The Tall, the Wife, the Reverend Head/4/1.2
 "Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! Is this our certain Doom! 2/.2
 And are we still secure! 2/.2
 Still walking downward to our Tomb,
 And yet prepare no more! 2/.2
- To fit our Souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying Fleth, 2900.

 We'll rife above the Sky.

LXIV. God the Glory and the Defence of Sion:

- The Seat of thy Creator's Grace;
 Thy holy Courts are his Abode: 1.2 This Palace of our God.
- A Guard of heav'nly Warriors waits;
 Nor shall thy deep Foundations move,
 Fix'd on his Counsels and his Love.

Sp. jet 1.2

HYMNS AND 188 Book II. ? Thy Foes in vain Defigns engage, W Against his Throne in vain they rage; Like rifing Waves with angry Roar, That dash and die upon the Shore. Then let your Souls in Zion dwell; 1.2 Nor fear the Wrath of Rome and Hell; 1.2 His Arms embrace this happy Ground Like brazen Bulwarks built around. 5 Gon is our Shield and God our Sun; Swift as the fleeting Moments run / 211.7. On us he sheds new Beams of Grace, And we reflect his brightest Praise. LXV. The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth. WHEN I can read my Title clear To Mansions in the Skies, I bid farewel to every Fear, And wipe my weeping Eyes. 2 Should Earth against my Soul engage, And hellish Darts be hurl'd; Then I can smile at Satan's Rage, And face a frowning World. 3 Let Cares like a wild Deluge come, And Storms of Sorrow fall, May I but fafely reach my Home, My Goo, my Heav'n, my All. 4. There shall I bathe my weary Sould no bis In Seas of heav'nly Reft, 11.2

Hy	nd not a Wave of Trouble roll Across my peaceful Breast.
LX	VI. A Prospect of Heaven makes Death east,
1 /	THERE is a Land of pure Delight/2/1.2 Where Saints immortal reign: ; 2. nfinite Day excludes the Night, And Pleasures banish Pain.
	There everlasting Spring abides, And never-with ring Flowers: Death, like a narrow Sea, divides This heav'nly Land from ours:
	Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Floody 2, 1.2 Stand dress'd in living Green: to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.
	To cross this narrow Sent and shrink and of and linger, shiving on the Brink, 12,700 And sear to launch away.
	Those gloomy Doubts that rife and The Canaan that we love With unbeclouded Eyes!
6 (And view the Landkip o'ergisds 200 back. Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold Flood, 41.2 Should fright us from the Shore. 541.2

2,

.2

LXVII. God's eternal Dominion.

- REAT God! how infinite are thou!

 What worthless Worms are we!

 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,

 And pay their Praise to thee.
- 2 Thy Throne eternal Ages flood 2112 Ere Seas or Stars were made; Thou art the ever-living God 2112 Were all the Nations dead.
- To thine immense Survey,

 From the Formation of the Sky/2, 1.2.

 To the great Burning-Day.
 - 4 Eternity, with all its Years, 2900 Stands present in thy View; To thee there's nothing Old appears; 1.2 Great God! there's nothing New.
 - Our Lives thro' various Scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling Cares, 1129
 While thine eternal Thought moves on
 Thine undiffurb'd Affairs.
 - What worthless Worms are we!

 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow/21.2

 And pay their Praise to thee.

namentavnigint**LXVIII.**

6

LXVIII. The humble Worship of Heaven.

- The Place of thine Abode: 1.2

 I'd leave thine earthly Courts and flee Uly1.2

 Up to thy Seat, my Gob!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant Face, 4 (12 And 'tis a pleasing Sight;
 - But to abide in thine Embrace Is infinite Delight.

9

- 3 I'd part with all the Joys of Sense 2 1.2
 To gaze upon thy Throne;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heav'nly Hofts are seen,
 In shining Ranks they move,
 And drink immortal Vigour in
 With Wonder and with Love.
- Then at thy Feet with awful Fear
 Th' adoring Armies fall;
 With Joy they thrink to NOTHING there = 1.2
 Before th' eternal ALL.
- 6 There I would vie with all the Host
 In Duty and in Bliss;
 While LESS THAN NOTHING I could boast, =/2
 And VANITY * confess.]

* Ifa. xl. 17.

7 The more thy Glories strike mine Eyes, The humbler I shall lie; Thus while I fink, my Joys shall rise Unmeasurably high.

XIX. The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

I [DEGIN, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme/ 1,2 And speak some boundless Thing, The mighty Works, or mightier Name 2,1.7 Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness, And found his Pow'r abroad, Sing the fweet Promise of his Grace, And the performing God.

Proclaim " Salvation from the LORD, " For wretched dying Men;" His Hand has writ the facred Word With an immortal Pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal Brass The mighty Promise shines; Eies 1. Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness rase

Those everlasting Lines, 5 [He that can dash whole Worlds to Death, And make them when he please; , 1.2, 2, He speaks, and that Almighty Breath Fulfils his great Decrees.

6 His very Word of Grace is strong 21.2 As that which built the Skies;

Hy. 70. SPIRITUAL SONGS. The Voice that rolls the Stars along/ 41.2 Speaks all the Promifes. 7 He said, " Let the wide Heav'n be spread !" And Heav'n was ftretch'd abroad; " Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he faid, And he was Abra'm's GoD. 8 Oh, might I hear the heav'nly Tongue 2 4/1.2
But whisper, "Thou art mine!" Those gentle Words should raise my Song To Notes almost divine. o How would my leaping Heart rejoice, And think my Heav'n secure! I trust the all-creating Voice; , 6.2 And Faith defires no more.] LXX. God's Dominion over the Seas, Pfalm cvii. 23, &c. OD of the Seas, thy thund'ring Voice Makes all the roaring Waves rejoice!, 1.2 And one foft Word of thy Command 2 Can fink them filent in the Sand. 2 If but a Moses wave thy Rod, The Sea divides and owns its Gon; The stormy Floods their Maker knew, And let his chosen Armies through. The scaly Flocks amidst the Sea / 21 To thee their LORD, a Tribute pay; 971.2 The meanest Fish that swims the Flood / 4 1.2 Leaps up and means a Praise to GoD. tandarofe 1.

- On thy Commands Attendance keep; , 1.2.
 By thy Permission sport and play,
 And cleave along their foaming Way.
- 5 If God his Voice of Tempest rears 2,1.2

 Apon he lifts his Nostrils high,
 And spouts the Ocean to the Sky.]
 - 6 How is thy glorious Pow'r ador'd
 Amidst these wat'ry Nations, Lord!
 Yet the bold Men that trace the Seas,
 Bold Men! refuse their Maker's Praise.
 - 7 [What Scenes of Miracle they see, And never tune a Song to thee! While on the Flood they safely ride, They curse the Hand that smooths the Tide.
 - 2 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry Graves, And some drink Death among the Waves; Yet the surviving Crew blaspheme, Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]
- Shake all the Seas, LORD, shake the Land:
 Great Judge descend, lest Men deny
 That there's a God that rules the Sky.

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the Reader will forgive the Neglect of Rhime in the First and Third Lines of the Standa, # 43 coxult + 5 4 (.2 2)

T- P.W

LXXI. Praise to God from all Creatures.

- THE Glories of my Maker, God, My joyful Voice shall sing, And call the Nations to adore Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right Hand that shap'd our Clay, And wrought this human Frame; But from his own immediate Breath Our nobler Spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God, And worship with our Tongues; 1.2. We claim some Kindred with the Skies, And join th' angelic Songs.
- And Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
 And Rocks and Trees, and Fires and Seas,
 Their various Tribute bring.
- Ye Planets, to his Honour shine, And Wheels of Nature roll, Praise him in your unwearied Course Around the steady Pole.
- 6 The Brightness of our Maker's Name The wide Creation fills, And his unbounded Grandeur flies Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

der

and

LXXII. The LORD'S Day; or, The Resur-

BLESS'D Morning, whose young dawning
Rays
Beheld our rising God; 11.2
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his last Abode!

2 In the cold Prison of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The Third, th' appointed Day.

To hold our God in vain; 21.2.
The fleeping Conqueror arole,
And burst their feeble Chain.

4 To thy great Name, Almighty LORD, These sacred Hours we pay, And loud Hosannas shall proclaim The Triumph of the Day.

5 [Salvation and immortal Praise
To our victorious King; , , , , , , , Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.]

LXXIII. Doubts scattered; or, Spiritual Joy restored.

HENCE from my Soul, fad Thoughts, be gone,
And leave me to my Joys; , . 2

Cont P. W 7 dark 1.2 right

91.2

My Tongue shall triumph in my God, And make a joyful Noise.

- 2 Darkness and Doubts had veil'd my Mind, And drown'd my Head in Tears, Till sov'reign Grace with shining Rays Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.
- 3 Of what immortal Joys I felt, And Raptures all divine, When Jesus told me, I was his, And my Beloved, mine!

And breaks my Peace in vain; , 1.2.
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face
Revives my Joys again.

LXXIV. Repentance from a Sense of divine Goodness; or, A Complaint of Ingratitude.

I S this the kind Return,
And these the Thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our Blessings slow?

To what a stubborn Frame
Has Sin reduc'd our Mind!
What strange rébellious Wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

Shed his reviving Rays! / / · 2.

For us the Skies their Circles run
To lengthen out our Days.

K 4

ROM thee, my God, my Joys shall rife, And run eternal Rounds, Beyond the Limits of the Skies, And all created Bounds.

3

2 The holy Triumphs of my Soul.

Shall Death itself out-brave; , 1.2.

Leave dull Mortality behind,

And fly beyond the Graye.

3 There where my bleffed Jesus reigns In Heav'n's unmeasur'd Space, I'll spend a long Eternity In Pleasure and in Praise.

4 Millions of Years my wond'ring Eyes Shall o'er thy Beauties rove,

- Juston Hints + May 1. 10 + May 1. 12 97. And endless Ages I'll adore The Glories of thy Love.

- 5 [Sweet Jesus! ev'ry Smile of thine Shall fresh Endearments bring; , 1.2 And thousand Tastes of new Delight From all thy Graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my Soul Up to thy blefs'd Abode; , 1. 2 Fly, for my Spirit longs to fee My Saviour and my Gon.]

LXXVI. The Resurrection and Ascension of CHRIST.

- OSANNA to the Prince of Light 1. 2 That cloth'd himself in Clay; Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death, And tore the Bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the King of Dread 12, 1.2 Since our Immanuel rose; , 1.2 E. He took the Tyrant's Sting away, And spoil'd our hellish Foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft / 61 1 2 And to his Father flies, With Scars of Honour in his Flesh, 2 And Triumph in his Eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns, 2 4trein And scatters Bleffings down; //-2 Our Jesus fills the middle Seat Of the celestial Throne.

up to his nation this 1.

- To reach his bless'd Abode: , / 2
 Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
 To our incarnate God.

LXXVII. The Christian Warfare.

- I STAND up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears,
 And gird the Gospel-Armour on;
 March to the Gates of endless Joy/2,1.2
 Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy Sins resist thy Course; , 1.2.
 But Hell and Sin are vanquish'd Foes; , 1.2.
 Thy Jesus nail'd them to the Cross,
 2the And sung the Triumph when he rose.]
 - 3 [What tho' the Prince of Darkness rage, And waste the Fury of his Spite; , 1.2. Eternal Chains confine him down To fiery Deeps and endless Night.
 - What the thine inward Lusts rebel; //Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;
 The Weapons of victorious Grace
 Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.]
 - 5 Then let my Soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heav'nly Gate; 1.2. There Peace and Joy eternal reign, And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

fand time your sweetst lope.

6 There shall I wear a starry Crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace; 1.2
While all the Armies of the Skies 2.1.2
Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

LXXVIII. Redemption by CHRIST.

HEN the first Parents of our Race
Rebell'd and lost their God, 41.2
And the Infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our Blood 11.2; P.W.

Of the eternal Son;, 1.2.
Descending from the heav'nly Court,
He left his Father's Throne.

Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine Array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a Veil
Of our inferior Clay.

Redeem'd unhappy Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.

To thee, dear LORD, our Flesh and Soul.
We joyfully resign; , / 12Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine Honour shall for ever be The Business of our Days, For ever shall our thankful Tongues Speak thy deserved Praise.

K 6

While the wright 1.

LXXIX. Praise to the REDEEMER.

- PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair We wretched Sinners lay, Without one cheerful Beam of Hope, Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.
- 2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helples Grief; , , , 2
 He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
 He ran to our Relief.
- With joyful Haste he sled,
 Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
 And dwelt among the Dead.
- He spoil'd the Pow'rs of Darkness thus,

 1.2 And broke our Iron Chains: 1.2.

 7. W Jesus has freed our captive Souls

 From everlasting Pains.
 - His cursed Projects tries; / 2.
 We that were doom'd his endless Slaves / 2.
 Are rais'd above the Skies.]
- 72 6 O! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
 Their lasting Silence break,
 And all harmonious human Tongues
 The Saviour's Praises speak.
 - 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest LORD; ? Our Souls are all on Flame; , , . 2 Hosanna round the spacious Earth To thine adored Name.

Hy. 80. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 203

8 Angels! affift our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raise your highest Notes /211.2
His Love can ne'er be told.]

X LXXX. God's awful Power and Goodness.

How matchless is his Pow'r!

Tremble, O Earth, beneath his Word,

While all the Heav'ns adore.

Let proud imperious Kings
Bow low before his Throne! / / 2
Crouch to his Feet, ye haughty Things,
Or he shall tread you down. 2 Zar he car-

Above the Skies he reigns,
And with amazing Blows
He deals infufferable Pains
On his rebellious Foes.

We love to speak thy Praise: 1.4;2
Thy Sceptre's equal to thy Rod.

The Sceptre of thy Grace.

The Arms of mighty Love Defend our Sion well,

And heav'nly Mercy walls us round From Babylon and Hell.

That fits enthron'd above: 3/2
Thus we adore the God of Might,
And bless the God of Love.

and all ye thowar 1. 21.71

estrovero della elemina

LXXXI. Our Sin the Cause of CHRIST's Death.

ND now the Scales have left mine Eyes,
Now I begin to fee! ; 2.
Of the curs'd Deeds my Sins have done!
What murd'rous Things they be!

2 Were these the Traitors, dearest LORD, That thy fair Body tore?

Monsters that stain'd those heav'nly Limbs With Floods of purple Gore!

3 Was it for Crimes that I had done My dearest LORD was slain, When Justice seiz'd God's only Son, And put his Soul to Pain?

4 Forgive my Guilt, O Prince of Peace; 1.2.
I'll wound my God no more: 1.2
Hence from my Heart ye Sins be gone, 1.2
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, LORD, with heav'nly Arms
From Grace's Magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal War
With ev'ry darling Sin.

LXXXII. Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

A RISE, my Soul, my joyful Pow'rs,
And triumph in my God; , 1.2.
Awake, my Voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.

1. and now mathinks the toh 1.2

- 2 He rais'd me from the Deeps of Sin, The Gates of gaping Hell, And fix'd my Standing more secure Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The Arms of everlasting Love Beneath my Soul he plac'd, And on the Rock of Ages set My slipp'ry Footsteps fast.
- 4 The City of my bless'd Abode
 Is wall'd around with Grace; 1.2
 Salvation for a Bulwark stands
 To shield the facred Place.
- Satan may vent his sharpest Spite,
 And all his Legions roar;
 Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
 And bounds his raging Pow'r.
- And Tunes of Pleasure sing;
 Loud Hallelujahs shall address
 My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. The Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

2 I THUS saith the Ruler of the Skies,

"Awake my dreadful Sword; hard,
"Awake, my Wrath, and smite the Man,
"My Fellow," saith the Lord.

And armed down the flies;

Jesus submits t' his Father's Hand, And bows his Head, and dies.

- 3 But O! the Wisdom and the Grace
 That join'd with Veng'ance now!
 He dies to saye our guilty Race,
 And yet he rises too.
- Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his Soul away,
 And take his Life again.

5 Live, glorious LORD! and reign on high; 1.2 Let ev'ry Nation fing,

2 And Angels found with endless Joy
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. The Same.

Your noblest Music bring, 1.2.
Tis CHRIST the everlasting God,
And CHRIST the Man, we fing.

Tell how he took our Flesh, 21.2
To take away our Guilt; , 1.2
Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood
That hellish Monsters spilt.

Went deep into his Side,

And the rich Flood of purple Gore
Their murd'rous Weapons dy'd.]

[The Waves of swelling Grief
Did o'er his Bosom roll,

thro all ye they 1.

And Mountains of Almighty Wrath Lay heavy on his Soul.]

Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Cross and Nails no more;
For Hell itself shakes at his Name () ...
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer fits
High on the Father's Throne; // / 2.

The Father lays his Veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full Glories shine
With uncreated Rays,
And bless his Saints and Angels Eyes
To everlasting Days.

LXXXV. Sufficiency of Pardon.

Those mournful Colours wear?
What Doubts are these that waste your Faith,
And nourish your Despair?

The Stars that fill the Skies,
And aiming at th' eternal Throne Like pointed Mountains rife:

3 What the your mighty Guilt beyond The wide Creation swell.

spangles of 2 - This 1.

And has its curs'd Foundations laid Low as the Deeps of Hell: 77;

- Of never-failing Grace; 1.2

 Behold a dying Saviour's Veins

 The facred Flood increase. : 1.2.
- 2 5 It rises high, and drowns the Hills, †

 Has neither Shore nor Bound:

 2.1.2 Now, if we search to find our Sins,

 Our Sins can ne'er be found.
- Awake, our Hearts, adore the Grace
 That buries all our Faults,

 4/-2 And pard'ning Blood that swells above
 Our Follies and our Thoughts.

LXXXVI. Pardon from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

- OUR Sins, alas! how strong they be? P And like a violent Sea, 2,1.2 They break our Duty, LORD, to thee, And hurry us away.
- How loud the Tempests roar!

 But Death shall land our weary Souls

 Safe on the heav'nly Shore.
 - 3 There to fulfil his sweet Commands
 Our speedy Feet shall move; 1.2
 No Sin shall clog our winged Zeal,
 Or cool our burning Love.

Altrisas, 100, and 1. Bitim

- There shall we sit, and sing and tell
 The Wonders of his Grace,
 Till heav'nly Raptures fire our Hearts,
 And smile in ev'ry Face.
- 5 For ever his dear facred Name
 Shall dwell upon our Tongue,
 And Jesus and Salvation be
 The Close of ev'ry Song.

LXXXVII. The Divine Glories above our Reason.

HOW wond'rous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be, In atmac He.

Who dwells amidst the dazzling Light Of vast Infinity!

- Tow'rd the celestial Throne; 12. Fain would we see the blessed Three, And the Almighty One.
- 3 Our Reason stretches all its Wings, And climbs above the Skies; But still how far beneath thy Feet. Our grov'ling Reason lies!
- 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble Souls, And awfully adore: , / . 2 For the weak Pinions of our Mind Can stretch a Thought no more.]
- 5 Thy Glories infinitely rife Above our lab'ring Tongue;

- In vain the highest Seraph tries To form an equal Song.
- 6 [In humble Notes our Faith adores
 The great mysterious King,
 While Angels strain their nobler Pow'rs
 And sweep th' immortal String.]

LXXXVIII. Salvation.

- Tis Pleasure to our Ears;
 A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
 A Cordial for our Fears.
- 2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
 At Hell's dark Door we lay;
 But we arise by Grace divine
 To see a heav'nly Day.
- The spacious Earth around,
 While all the Armies of the Sky
 Conspire to raise the Sound.

LXXXIX. CHRIST's Victory over Satan.

- The Prince of Darkness flies,
 His Troops rush headlong down to Hell, 2,12
 Like Lightning from the Skies.
- And fright the rescu'd Sheep; 11-2

Hy. 90. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 211 But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r And Malice to the Deep. 3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King! // 1 All hail, incarnate Love! Ten thousand Songs in Glories wait 21.2 To crown thy Head above. 4 Thy Vict'ries and thy death es Fame Thro' the wide World shall run, And everlafting Ages fing 5.1.2 The Triumph thou hast won. XC. Faith in CHRIST for Pardon and Sanctification. OW fad our State by Nature is! Our Sin how deep it stains! And Satan binds our Captive Minds Fast in his slavish Chains. 2 But there's a Voice of fov'reign Grace Sounds from the facred Word; , / . 2 " Ho! ye despairing Sinners, come, " And trust upon the LORD." 3 My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call, 4, 1.2 And runs to this Relief; 11.2 I would believe thy Promise, LORD; 1.2 O! help my Unbelief. 4 [To the dear/Fountain of thy Blood Incarnate Gon! I fly; 11.2 Here let me wash my spotted Soul From Crimes of deepest Dye. Valent !. coverson of they veins 1.

2

1.2

- My reigning Sins subdue; 1/2
 Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
 With all his hellish Crew.
- On thy kind Arms I fall:

 Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,

 My Jesus, and my All.]

XCI. The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven,

- Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams
 Of his o'erstowing Grace.
 - 2 Sweet Majesty and awful Love
 Sit smiling on his Brow,
 And all the glorious Ranks above 1.2
 At humble Distance bow.
 - Bend their bright Sceptres down: 1.2.

 Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs rejoice

 To see him wear the Crown.
 - 4 Archangels found his lofty Praise
 Thro' ev'ry heav'nly Street,
 - 2 And lay their highest Honours down glorie, 2 Submissive at his Feetge
 - 5 Those soft, those blessed Feet of his That once rude Iron tore,

t Out in Parham

	SPIRITUAL SONGS.	213
	all the Saints adore.	2
- That	ad, the dear majestic Head, P,	۹-2.
And	at immortal Glories shine, circle it around!	72
But wh	om we unseen adore; nen our Eyes behold his Face, Hearts shall love him more.	.2
Our To o	how our Souls are all on Fire fee thy bless'd Abode; , / · 2 ongues rejoice in Tunes of Praise our incarnate God! · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
2 And wi	hile our Faith enjoys the Sight, a long to leave our Clay; , , , 2 is is the high the fiery Chariots, Lord, fetch our Souls away.]	
	The Church saved, and her Endisappointed.	
Com	posed the 5th of November, 1694.	
Ye Brit	OUT to the LORD, and let our J Through the whole Nation run; tish Skies, resound the Noise and the rising Sun.	oys 3
2 Thee, Thee	mighty Gop!, our Souls admired our glad Voices fing; , 1.2	11.2
FIL	7-c7 avove #as	A Samuel
1 29	7-17 above #ad	mine 2
	" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	DIA

And join with the celestial Choir To praise th' eternal King.

- 3 Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules, And on the starry Skies / 2, 1, 2 Sits smiling at the weak Designs Thine envious Foes devise.
- And with an awful Frown
 Flings vaft Confusion on their Plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.
- 5 [Their fecret Fires in Caverns lay,
 And we the Sacrifice: ;
 But gloomy Caverns strove in vain
 To 'scape all-fearching Eyes.

Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage, And vex away, and die.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Pow'r:
Let Britain with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

flise England, Xu cherte Soys 1.

Is

1.

8 [To thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Defire: -, 1.2

21.2 And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me high'r.]

nigher1.294

XCIV. God my only Happiness, Pfal. 1xxiii. 25.

- Y God, my Portion, and my Love, My everlasting All, I've none but thee in Heav'n above, Or on this earthly Ball.
- 2 [What empty Things are all the Skies, And this inferior Clod! There's nothing here deserves my Joys, There's nothing like my God.]
- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning Sun Scatters his feeble Light: ; ? ? 'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon; If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.
- And whilst upon my restless Bed/21.2

 Amongst the Shades I roll,

 If my Redeemer shews his Head, 5 4.1.2

 'Tis Morning with my Soul.]
- To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,

 And Health and fafe Abode: 1.2

 Thanks to the Name for meaner Things

 But they are not my God.
 - 6 How vain a Toy is glitt'ring Wealth/21.2

 If once compar'd to thee? 1.2/

XCV: Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

I NFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!

Behold my bleeding LORD! : 1.2

Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,

And us'd the Roman Sword.

2 Of the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain Oh 1.2

My dear Redeemer bore!

When knotty Whips and jagged Thorns, , 1.2

His sacred Body tore!

In vain I blame the Roman Bands,
And the more spiteful Jews: 1.2

4 'Twas you, my Sins, my cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were;
Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

.2

Juere you 1.2. P.W

Break, break, my Heart! O burst, mine Eyes,
And let my Sorrows bleed.

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6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul/21.2 Till melting Waters flow, And deep Repentance drown mine Eyes In undiffembled Woe.

XCVI. Distinguishing Love; or, Angels punished, and Men faved.

OWN headlong from their native Skies, The Rebel-Angels fell, And Thunderbolts of flaming Wrath Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

2 Down from the Top of earthly Blifs Rebellious Man was hurl'd; , 1.2 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave To reach a finking World.

3 Of Love of infinite Degree! Unmeasurable Grace! Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die To fave a trait'rous Race?

4 Must Angels fink for ever down, And burn in quenchless Fire, While God forfakes his shining Throne To raise us Wretches higher?

O. for this Love let Earth and Skies With Hallelujahs ring,

Twere you 1.2 P.W.

And the full Choir of human Tongues
All Hallelujahr fing. 19/2

XCVII. The Same.

- ROM Heav'n the finning Angels fell, And Wrath and Darkness chain'd them. But Man, vile Man, forfook his Bliss, [down; And Mercy lifts him to a Crown.
 - Amazing Work of fov'reign Grace /2, 1.2
 That could diffinguish Rebels so!
 Our guilty Treasons call aloud
 For everlasting Fetters too.
 - Our Souls, ourselves, our All we pay:
 Millions of Tongues shall sound thy Praise
 - 2. On the bright Hills of heav'nly Day.

XCVIII. Hardness of Heart complained X.

- Heavy and cold within my Breast,

 Inft like a Rock of Ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging Tyrant, fits
 Upon this flinty Throne,
 And ev'ry Grace lies bury'd deep
 Beneath this Heart of Stone.
- Or taste the Joys above!

tall along 2.P.W.

This Mountain presses down my Faith, And chills my flaming Love.

- 4 When smiling Mercy courts my Soul With all its heav'nly Charms, This stubborn, this relentless Thing/e11.2 Would thrust it from my Arms.
- 5 Against the Thunders of thy Word Rebellious I have flood; , 1.2 My Heart / it shakes not at the Wrath And Terrors of a Gop.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this Rock of mine In thine own crimfon Sea! // 2 None but a Bath of Blood divine Can melt the Flint away.

XCIX. The Book of God's Decrees.

- ET the whole Race of Creatures lie Abas'd before their GoD; :1.2. Whate'er his fov'reign Voice has form'd/21.2 He governs with a Nod.
- 2 [Ten thousand Ages ere the Skies Were into Motion brought, All the long Years and Worlds to come Stood present to his Thought.
- 3 There's not a Sparrow or a Worm But's found in his Decrees; He raises Monarchs to their Throne, · And finks them as he please.]
- 4 If Light attends the Course I run, 21.2 'Tis He provides those Rays;

Hy. 100. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 221

And 'tis his Hand that hides my Sun, If Darkness cloud my Days.

Yet I would not be much concern'd,

Nor vainly long to fee

The Volumes of his deep Decrees,

What Months are writ for me.

Of may I read my Name
Amongst the chosen of his Love,
The Follow'rs of the Lamb.

C. The Presence of CHRIST is the Life of my Soul.

Without fome Glimpses of thy Face;
And Heav'n/without thy Presence there/2/1-2
Will be a dark and tiresome Place.

4 When earthly Cares engross the Day, And hold my Thoughts aside from thee, The shining Hours of cheerful Light Are long and tedious Years to me.

Would be 1.2

- S And if no Ev'ning Vifit's paid
 Between my Saviour and my Soul,
 How dull the Night! how fad the Shade!
 How mournfully the Minutes roll!
- To live, yet part with all my Blood: 1.2.
 To breathe, when vital Air is gone,

Or thrive and grow without my Food.

- 7 [CHRIST is my Light, my Life, my Care, My bleffed Hope, my heav nly Prize; , ?? Dearer than all my Passions are, My Limbs, my Bowels, or my Eyes.
- 8 The Strings that twine about my Heart,
 Tortures and Racks may tear them off;
 But they can never, never part
 With their dear Hold of CHRIST my Love.]
- 9 [My Gop! and can an humble Child That leves thee with a Flame so high 2, 1.2. Be ever from thy Face exil'd, Without the Pity of thine Eye?
- Have ty'd my Heart so fast to thee, : 1.2
 And in thy Book the Promise stands,
 That where thou art thy Friends must be.]
 - CI. The Worlds three chief Temptations.
- We look on Things below,

1. Where vital air is none,

Hy. 102. SPIRITUAL SONNGS 223

Honour, and Gold, and fenfual Joy, How vain and dang'rous too!

2 [Honour's a Puff of noify Breath; : /. 2.
Yet Men expose their Blood,
And venture everlasting Death
To gain that airy Good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler Mind, Alla And seed on shining Dust, 1.2 W They rob the Serpent of his Food, 1.2 T' indulge a fordid Lust.]

Are dang'rous Snares to Souls! /) / . ~ There's but a Drop of flatt'ring Sweet, And dash'd with bitter Bowls.

My Portion and my Choice;
In him my vast Desires are fill'd,
And all my Pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the World accosts my Ear,
And tempts my Heart anew:
I cannot buy your Blis so dear,
Nor part with Heav'n for you.

CII. A happy Refurrection.

To the cold Dungeon of the Grave.

These dying, with ring Limbs of mine.

2 Let Worms devour my wasting Flesh, And crumble all my Bones to Dust;

Toopher.

Bring that delightful, dreadful Day; 11-2 112 Cut fhort the Hours, dear LORD, and come Thy ling'ring Wheels, how long they flat! 4 [Our weary Spirits faint to fee

224

The Light of thy returning Face, And hear the Language of those Lips, Where God has thed his richest Grace.

5 [Haste then upon the Wings of Love, Rouze all the pious fleeping Clay, That we may join in heav'nly Joys, And fing the Triumph of the Day.]

CIII. CHRIST's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.

OME, happy Souls, approach your God With new melodious Songs; 1.2 21.2 Come/ tender to Almighty Grace The Tribute of your Tongues.

2 So strange, fo boundless was the Love That pity'd dying Men, The Father fent his equal Son To give them Life again.

3 Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd With a revenging Rod, No hard Commission to perform

The Veng'ance of a God.

1. laste ye weelnof of tender 1.2,5,10

HY. 104 SPIRITUAL SONNGS. 225

- And Wrath for fook the Throne 2. When CHRIST on the kind Errand came,
 And brought Salvation down.
- Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
 And wipe your Sorrows dry;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
 And you shall never die.
- Accept thine offer'd Grace;

 We bless the great Redeemer's Love, Wanks to And give the Father Praise.

CIV. The Same.

- RAISE your triumphant Songs
 To an immortal Tune,
 Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
 Celestial Grace has done.
- Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched Race
 From their Abyss of Woes.

D

Mis Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror clothes his Brow,
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

And Wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with Pardons down to the land of the land

Hasti.

2 To Rebels doom'd to die.]
1 hom y propilions Thy.

+ 4 mm, 0 - 1.2

12

- Now, Sinners, dry your Tears, Let hopeless Sorrow cease; , /4 ; 2 Bow to the Scepter of his Love, And take the offer'd Peace.
- We lay an humble Claim
 To the Salvation thou haft brought,
 And love and praise thy Name.

CV. Repentance flowing from the Patience of GoD.

- And do we yet rebel?

 Tis boundlefs, 'tis amazing Love, 21.2

 That bears us up from Hell!
- Would fink us down to Flames,

 And threat'ning Veng ance rolls above 12,1.2

 To crush our feeble Frames.
 - And straight the Thunder stays: ; 2.And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
 And weary out his Grace?
 - Too long indulg'd our Sin: 12.
 Our aching Hearts e'en bleed to see

 What Rebels we have been.
 - No more, ye Lusts, shall ye command; , 1.2. No more will we obey; Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand, And drive thy Foes away.

then 1.2

CVI. Repentance at the Cross.

- Repentance should like Rivers flow /2, 1.27.

 From both my streaming Eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my Sins/ my dearest LORD 4/2
 Hung on the cursed Tree,
 And groan'd away a dying Life/2/1.2
 For thee, my Soul, for thee.
- 72 3 O, how I hate those Lusts of mine Child.
 That crucify'd my God; 1.2
 Those Sins that pierc'd and nail'd his Flesh.
 Fast to the fatal Wood!
 - Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My Heart has so decreed: , ,
 Nor will I spare the guilty Things
 That made my Saviour bleed.
 - My murder'd Lord I view,
 I'll raise Revenge against my Sins,
 And slay the Murd'rers too.

 Missen 1.

CVII. The everlafting Absence of God intolerable.

Th' appointed Hour makes hafte,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solumn Test.

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys, Thou Sov'reign of my Heart,

twen P.W thend 1.2

HYMNSAND Book II. How could I bear to hear thy Voice Pronounce the Sound, "Depart?" " ! Lak 3 [The Thunder of that difmal Word] 41.2 Would fo torment my Ear. 'Twould tear my Soul asunder, LORD, With most to menting Fear.] 4 [What, to be banish'd from my Life, And yet forbid to die? To linger in eternal Pain, Yet Death for ever fly?] O wretched State of deep Despair, To fee my God remove, And fix my doleful Station where I must not taste his Love. 6 Jesus! I throw my Arms around, And hang upon thy Breaft; Without a gracious Smile from thee My Spirit cannot rest. Is graven on thy Hands; , 1.2 Shew me some Promise in thy Book /e 1.2. Where my Salvation stands ! ... 1-2 8 [Give me one kind affuring Word/e1.2 To fink my Fears again; And cheerfully my Soul shall wait Her threescore Years and ten.] CVIII. Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator. OME/ let us lift our joyful Eyes 2,1.2. Up to the Courts above, 1. Extany of fe + For Wastons, 3/

And smile to see our Father there
Upon a Throne of Love.

- 2 Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath, glate And shot devouring Flame; Our God appear'd consuming Fire, And Veng'ance was his Name.
- That calm'd his frowning Face,
 That fprinkled o'er the burning/Throne, 2
 And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

 Now we may bow before his Feet,
- And venture near the LORD; 12.

 No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,

 Nor double-flaming Sword.
- The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliss
 Are open'd by the Son;
 High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
 And reach th' Almighty Throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring, Great Advocate on High; And Glory to th' eternal King That lays his Fury by.

CIX. The Darkness of Providence.

- Too deep to found with mortal Lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble Sense.
- In angry Frowns, without a Smile: ;, .2

+ flasking 1.

HYMNS AND Book H. We, through the Cloud, believe thy Grace, Secure of thy Compassion still. 3 Through Seas and Storms of deep Diffress 21.2 We fail by Faith and not by Sight; e, 1.2 Faith guides us in the Wilderness. Through all the Briars, and the Night. 211.2 A Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod Resolve to scourge us here below, Still we must lean upon our GoD, Thine Arm shall bear us safely through: CX. Triumph over Death in Hope of the Refurrection. ND must this Body die: 41.2 This mortal Frame decay? And must these active Limbs of mine: Lie mould'ring in the Clay? 2 / Corruption, Earth and Worms, 2 / Shall but refine this Flesh, Till my riumphant Spirit comes To put it on afresh. God my Redeemer lives, 3 And often from the Skies Looks down and watches all my Duff, 91.2 Till he shall bid it rife.

Array'd in glorious Grace
Shall these vile Bodies shine,
And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face
Look heav'nly and divine.

en welcome Eath dworms

Gement repire this flat,

HY. 111. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 231

- These lively Hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying Love: 1/2
 We would adore his Grace below,
 And sing his Pow'r above.
- Of these our humble Songs,
 Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
 With our immortal Tongues.
- CXI. Thanksgiving for Victory; or, GoD's Dominion and our Deliverance.
- I ZION rejoice, and Judah fing, ; /-2.
 The Lord affumes his Throne;
 Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
 And make his Glories known.
 - 2 The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud /e, 1.2
 From their high Seats are hurl'd;
 JEHOVAH rides upon a Cloud,
 And thunders through the World.
 - 3 He reigns upon th' eternal Hills,
 Distributes mortal Crowns;
 Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
 And totter at his Frowns.
 - Are vanquish'd by his Breath;
 And Legions arm'd with Pow'r and Pride
 Descend to wat'ry Death.
 - To vex our happy Land;
 Jehovan's Name is our Defence,
 Our Buckler is his Hand.

1. Great Pritain ours.

HYMNS AND Book II.

6 [Long may the King our Soy'reign live
To rule us by his Word;
And all the Honours he can give

Be offer'd to the LORD.]

CXII. Angels ministering to CHRIST and the Saints.

I

2

REAT GOD! to what a glorious Height
Hast thou advanc'd the LORD thy Son!
Angels/ in all their Robes of Light/ 2 90
Are made the Servants of his Throne.

And swift as Flames of Fire they move 2.1.2.
To manage his Affairs of State,
In Works of Veng'ance and of Love.

3 His Orders run thro' all the Hosts; ,1.2. Legions descend at his Command To shield and guard the British Coasts, When foreign Rage invades our Land.

4 Now they are fent to guide our Feet Up to the Gates of thine Abode, Through all the Dangers that we meet In travelling the heav'nly Road.

5 LORD, when I leave this mortal Ground,
And thou shalt bid me rife and come; 1.2
Send a beloved Angel down
Safe to conduct my Spirit Home.

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CXIII. The Same.

- THE Majesty of Solomon, 1.2

 How glorious to behold 2.1.2 ?

 The Servants waiting round his Throne,

 The Iv'ry and the Gold!
- 2 But, mighty God! thy Palace shines
 With far superior Beams; : 1.2
 Thine Angel-Guards are swift as Winds,
 Thy Ministers are Flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
 His Entrance on the Earth,
 A shining Army downward fled
 To celebrate his Birth.
- And when oppress'd with Pains and Fears, 2, 2
 On the cold Ground he lies, 90
 112Behold a heav'nly Form appears, 2, 2
 T' allay his Agonies.]
 - Now to the Hands of CHRIST our King/2,1.2

 Are all their Legions giv'n; ,..

 They wait upon his Saints, and bring
 His chosen Heirs to Heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and Praise run thro' their Host, 2.2.2
 To see a Sinner turn;
 Then Satan has a Captive lost,
 And Christ a Subject born.
- 7 But there's an Hour of brighter Joy / 2, 1.2.
 When he his Angel fends
 Obstinate Rebels to destroy,
 And gather in his Friends.

8 O! could I say without a Doubt,
There shall my Soul be found;
Then let the great Archangel shout,
And the last Trumpet sound.

CXIV. CHRIST'S Death, Victory, and Dominion.

- I SING my Saviour's wond'rous Death;
 He conquer'd when he fell; : 1.2
 'Tis Finish'd, said his dying Breath,
 And shook the Gates of Hell.
- 2 'Tis Finish'd, our IMMANUEL cries, The dreadful Work is done; Hence shall his sov'reign Throne arise, His Kingdom is begun.
- 3 His Cross a fure Foundation laid For Glory and Renown, When through the Regions of the Dead He pass'd to reach the Crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's Side
 Sits our victorious Lord;
 To Heav'n and Hell his Hands divide
 1.2 The Vengance or Reward.
 - Await their several Crowns,
 And all the Sons of Darkness fly
 The Terror of his Frowns.

CXV. God the Avenger of his Saints; or, His Kingdom Supreme.

- HIGH as the Heav'ns above the Ground
 Reigns the Creator, GoD;
 Wide as the whole Creation's Bound 2,12
 Extends his awful Rod.
- 2 Let Princes of exalted State
 To him ascribe their Crown,
 Render their Homage at his Feet,
 And cast their Glories down.
- Your lofty Thoughts are vain;
 He calls you Gods, that awful Name, !?.
 But ye must die like Men.
- Not dare to vex the Just;
 He puts on Vengance like a Robe,
 And treads the Worms to Dust.
- Ye Judges of the Earth be wife,
 And think of Heav'n with Fear;
 The meanest Saint that you despise
 Has an Avenger there.

CXVI. Mercies and Thanks.

HOW can I fink with fuch a Prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the Earth's huge Pillars up,
And spreads the Heav'ns abroad?

- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives, 41.2,
 Who rose and lest the Dead?
 Pardon and Grace my Soul receives
 From mine exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have
 Shall be for ever thine;
 Whate'er my Duty bids me give, e. 2.
 My cheerful Hands refign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some Reserve,
 And Duty did not call,
 I love my God with Zeal so great
 That I should give him All.

CXVH. Living and dying with GOD present.

- I Cannot bear thine Absence, LORD; , 1.2 My Life expires if thou depart: Be thou, my Heart, still near my God, And thou, my God, be near my Heart.
- Nor can I live on Things so vile: 12 K2
 Yet I will stay my Father's Time, wall
 And hope and wait for Heav'n awhile.
- Then, dearest LORD, in thine Embrace
 Let me resign my sleeting Breath; 1.2
 And, with a Smile upon my Face, e 1.2
 Pass the important Hour of Death. 29

CXVIII. The Priesthood of CHRIST.

- But the dear Stream when CHRIST was slain Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.
 - Pardon and Peace from God on high;
 Behold, he lays his Veng ance by;
 And Rebels that deferve his Sword /2 / 2
 Become the Favrites of the Lord.
 - Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;
 Now he appears before his God,
 And for our Pardon pleads his Blood. 290

CXIX. The Holy Scriptures.

2

1

- ADEN with Guilt, and full of Fears,

 I fly to thee, my Lord; 1.2 91.2

 And not a Glimpe of Hope appears,

 But in thy written Word.
- Does all my Grief affuage? ; /-2
 Here I behold my Saviour's Face

 Almost in ev'ry Page.

This is the Field where hidden lies

The Pearl of Price unknown;

That Merchant is divinely wife

Who makes that Pearl his own. It. 1.2

Ital 1(1-2-2) What P.

6

- Here consecrated Water flows
 To quench my Thirst of Sin;
 Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
 Nor Danger dwells therein.
- This is the Judge that ends the Strife 2, 1.2.
 Where Wit and Reason fail;
 My Guide to everlasting Life
 Through all this gloomy Vale.
- My roving Feet command; 11-2 Nor I forfake the happy Road 21.2 That leads to thy right Hand.

CXX. The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

- And keeps the World in Awe;
 Amidst the Smoke on Sinai's Hill/e, 1.2.
 Breaks out his fiery Law.
- 2 The LORD reveals his Face,
 And smiling from above 220
 Sends down the Gospel of his Grace,
 Th' Epistles of his Love.
- These facred Words impart
 Our Maker's just Commands;
 The Pity of his melting Heart,
 And Vengance of his Hands.
 - Hence we awake our Fear, We draw our Comfort hence;

Hr. 121. SPIRITUAL, SONGS. 239 The Arms of Grace are treasur'd here.

And Armour of Defence.

We learn CHRIST crucify'd,
And here behold his Blood;
All Arts and Knowledges befide
Will do us little good.

9, 1100

- We read the heav'nly Word,
 We take the offer'd Grace,
 Obey the Statutes of the Lord,
 And trust his Promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage.
 Against a Book divine, fill 1.2
 Where Wrath and Lightning guard the Page,

CXXI. The Law and Gospel distinguished.

THE Law commands and makes us know What Duties to our God we owe; 2.7
But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
Where lies our Strength to do his Will.

The Law discovers Guilt and Sin,
And shews how vile our Hearts have been; : 1.1
Only the Gospel can express
Forgiving Love and cleansing Grace.

What Curfes doth the Law denounce Against the Man that fails but once?
But in the Gospel Christ appears 21.2
Pard'ning the Guilt of num'rous Years.

ta Hexe c 11.27- ndber c n 17- Where nd - 7-164

HY: 124 SPIRITUAL SONGS. 241

- 2 Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace
 We see thy Feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
 And learn the Wonders of thy Pow Temple 1.
- While here out various Wants we mourn 4/.1.
 United Groans alcend on high; , /.2.
 And Prayer bears a quick Return
 Of Bleffings in Variety.
- Here we receive some cheering Word;
 We gird the Gospel-Armour on 2. 1.2
 To fight the Battles of the Lord.
 - Or if our Spirit faints and dies,
 (Our Conscience gall'd with inward Stings)
 Here doth the righteous Sun arise
 With healing Beams beneath his Wings.]
- Father, my Soul would still abide
 Within thy Temple, near thy Side;
 But if my Feet must hence departs e.
 Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

CXXIV. Mofes, Aaron, and Josbua.

TIS not the Law of Ten Commands /2.1.2.
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or fent to Men by Moses' Hands,
Can bring us safe to Heav'n.

'Tis not the Blood which Aaron spilt, Nor Smoke of sweetest Smell,

M 2

3 Aaron the Prieft refigns his Breath At God's immediate Will; 11 1370 137 And in the Desert yields to Death Upon th' appointed Hill.

1.74 And thus, on Jordan's yonder Side The Tribes of Isr'el stand, 30.2 While Moses bow'd his Head and dy'd, P Short of the promis'd Land.

5 Isr'el rejoice, now Joshua * leads, He'll bring your, Tribes to Reft; So far the SAVIOUR'S Name exceeds The RULER and the PRIEST.

> CXXV. Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.

IF E and immortal Joys are giv'n To Souls that mourn the Sins they've 1 done ; 1 / . 2 vd. e Children of Wrath made Heirs of Heav'n By Faith in God's eternal Son:

5

2 Wo to the Wretch who never felt The inward Pangs of pious Grief, But adds to all his crying Guilt The stubborn Sin of Unbelief.

The Law condemns the Rebel dead, Under the Wrath of God he lies; restor terrised desired house

Thre 1.2

Ioshua the same with Jesus, and fignifies a Saviour.

Ar. 127. SPIRITUAL SONGS. He seals the Curse on his own Head, And with a double Veng ance dies. 1.2 CXXVI. God glorified in the Gospel. THE LORD, descending from above, Invites his Children near; 17.2. While Pow'r and Truth, and boundless Love Display their Glories here. 2 Here, in thy Gospel's wond'rous Frame, 290 Fresh Wisdom we pursue: Wonders A thousand Angels learn thy Name Beyond whate'er they knew. 3 Thy Name is writ in fairest Lines, Thy Wonders here we trace : ;1.2 Wisdom through all the Myst'ry shines, we And shines in JESUS' Face. 4 The Law its best Obedience owes To our incarnate God! : 1.2 And thy revenging Justice shews Its Honours in his Blood. 5 But still the Lustre of thy Grace Our warmer Thoughts employs, Gilds the whole Scene with brighter Rays, And more exalts our Joys. CXXVII. Circumcision and Baptism. Written only for those who practise the Baptism of Infants.) HUS did the Sons of Abra'm pass Under the bloody Seal of Grace:

ve

The young Disciples bore the Yoke, Till CHRIST the painful Bondage broke.

2 By milder Ways doth Jesus prove 5.12 His Father Cov'nant, and his Love; He feals to Saints his glorious Grace, And not forbids their Infant-Race,

2.44

- Their Seed is sprinkled with his Blood; , 1.2
 Their Children set apart for GoD;
 His Spirit on their Offspring shed, 2, 1.2
 Like Water pour'd upon the Head.
- 4 Let ev'ry Saint with cheerful Voice In this large Covenant rejoice; Young Children in their early Days Shall give the Gop of Abra'm Praise.

CXXVIII. Corrupt Nature from Adams

- BLESS'D with the Joys of Innocence
 Adam our Father flood,
 Till he debas'd his Soul to Sense,
 And eat forbidden Food.
- 2 Now we are born a fenfual Race, To finful Joys inclin'd; Reafon has lost its native Place, And Flesh enslaves the Mind.

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- 4 Great Gon! renew our ruin'd Frame; , 1.2 Our broken Pow'rs restore: 11-2 Inspire us with a heav nly Flame, And Flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit! write thy Law Upon our inward Parts, And let the fecond Adam draw His Image on our Hearts. at the and Sin are made dewer

v francis v v CXXIX. We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

all the black Albid wit ba A

- TIS by the Faith of Joys to come We walk thro' Deferts dark as Night; Till we arrive at Heav'n our Home 1 2.1.2 Faith is our Guide, and Faith our Light.
- 2 The Want of Sight the well supplies; 1/2 She makes the pearly Gates appear; Far into distant Worlds the pries, And brings eternal Glories near.
- 3 Chearful we tread the Defert through, While Faith inspires a heav'nly Ray, Though Lions roar, and Tempests blow, And Rocks and Dangers fill the Way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine Command, 4 -1.2/2 Left his own House to walk with God; His Faith beheld the promis'd Land, And fir'd his Zeal along the Road.

CXXX. The New Creation.

A TTEND, while God's exalted Son/9/12

Plat "Behold I fit upon my Throne/2/2"

Creating all Things new.

2 " Nature and Sin are pass'd away, "And the old Adam dies;

" My Hands a new Foundation lay; 11.2

See the new World arise!

3 " I'll be a Sun of Righteoufness "To the new Heavins I make;

None but the new-born Heirs of Grace "My Glories shall partake."

A Mighty Redeemer! fet me free
From my old State of Sin;

Create new Pow'rs within.

5 Renew mine Eyes, and form mine Ears, And mould my Heart afresh; Give me new Passions, Joys and Fears, And turn the Stone to Flesh.

From Sin, and Earth, and Hell; , 1.2- ?,
In the new World that Grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

CXXXI. The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

- Thy Head, my Saviour and my LORD;
 Thy Hands hath brought Salvation down, have
 And writ the Bleffings in thy Word.
- 2 [What if we trace the Globe around,
 And fearch from Britain to Japan,
 There shall be no Religion found
 So just to Gon, so safe to Man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling Conscience seeks
 Some solid Ground to rest upon;
 With long Despair the Spirit breaks, 1.2
 Till we apply to Christ alone.
- How well thy bleffed Truths agree!
 How wife and holy thy Commands!
 Thy Promifes how firm they be!
 How firm our Hope and Comfort stands!
- 5 [Not the feign'd Fields of heath'nish Bliss
 Could raise such Pleasure in the Mind;
 Nor does the Turkish Paradise
 Pretend to Joys so well refin'd.]
- 6 Should all the Forms that Men device Affault my Faith with treach'rous Are, 1'd call them Vanity and Lies, And bind the Gospel to my Heart.

CXXXII. The Offices of CHRIST.

- That comes with Truth and Grace,
 JESUS, thy Spirit and thy Word
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.
- We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his Blood, ; 1.2 , P
 And lives to carry on his Love,
 By pleading with our God.
- How sweet are his Commands!
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin
 By his Almighty Hands.
- Who faves by diff'rent Ways;
 His Mercies lay a fov'reign Claim
 To our immortal Praise.

CXXXIII. The Operations of the Holy SPIRIT.

- TERNAL SPIRIT! we confess
 And sing the Wonders of thy Grace;
 Thy Pow'r conveys our Blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.
 - 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly Ray, Our Shades and Darkness turn to Day; Thine inward Teachings make us know Our Danger, and our Resuge too.

7 21.2

HI TOO SPIRITUAL SONGS. 3 Thy Pow'r and Glory work within, And break the Chains of reigning Sin Do our imperious Lusts subdue, And form our wretched Hearts anew. 4 The troubled Confcience knows thy Voice; 1.2 Thy cheering Words awake our Joys; Thy Words allay the stormy Wind, And calm the Surges of the Mind. When Villen's orange Burgette Care Mores, the Mant off Cont. Market CXXXIV. Circumcision abolished. THE Promise was divinely free, Extensive was the Grace; " I will the Gop of Abra'm be, " And of his num'rous Race?" 2 He faid, and with a bloody Seal Confirm'd the Words he spoke; bak Long did the Sons of Abra'm feel The tharp and painful Yoke. 3 Till God's own Son, descending low, 10-1-2 Gave his own Flesh to bleed; And Gentiles tafte the Bleffings now/ 12,1,2 From the hard Bondage freed. 191.241. The Gop of Abra'm claims our Praife;

His Promises endure: , 1.2 112 And CHRIST the LORD in gentler Ways , 290

Makes the Salvation fore as and Wand W

CXXXV. Types and Prophecies of CHRIST.

- Behold the Woman's promis'd Seed!

 Behold the great Messiah come!

 Behold the Prophets all agreed

 To give him the Superior Room!
- When Visions of the Lord he saw;
 Moses, the Man of God, foretold 21.2.
 This great Fulfiller of his Law.
- The Types bore Witness to his Name, Obtain'd their chief Design, and ceas'd; The Incense and the bleeding Lamb, The Ark, the Altar, and the Priest.
- A Predictions in Abundance meet To join their Bleffings on his Head: 11.2.

 Jesus, we worthip at thy Feet,
 And Nations own the promis'd Seed.

CXXXVI. Mirocles at the Birth of CHRIST.

Il beathern and beinfall Yoke. fe

- THE King of Glory fends his Son in A
 To make his Entrance on this Earth;
 Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
 And heav nly Hofts declare his Birth!
- 2 About the young Redeemer's Head HO LAA What Wonders and what Glories meet?

- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
 The Infant Saviour to proclaim 1/1.2 / 1.2
 Inward they felt the sacred Fire,
 And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.
- And treat the holy Child with Scorn; Our Souls adore th' eternal God, 2, 1, 2, Who condescended to be born.

CXXXVII. Miracles in the Life, Death, and Refurrection of CHRIST.

- BEHOLD, the Blind their Sight receive!;/.2
 Behold, the Dead awake and live! 4/.2
 The Dumb speak Wonders, and the Lame
 Leap like the Hart and bless his Name.
- And seal the Mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his Cause, and While he hangs bleeding on the Cross.
- He dies; the Heav'ns in Mourning flood;
 He rifes; and appears a Gon: 1/2
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die!
- Hence and for ever from my Heart

 I bid my Doubts and Fears depart;

 And to those Hands my Soul resign

 Which bear Credentials so divine.

his P: 23,2-10.6:1

CXXXVIII. The Power of the Gofpel.

- HIS is the Word of Truth and Love, Sent to the Nations from above; JEHOVAH here resolves to shew What his Almighty Grace can do.
- This Remedy did Wildom find, 2, 2 To heal Diseases of the Mind; This sov'reign Balm, whose Virtues can Restore the ruin'd Creature, Man.
- 3 The Gospel bids the Dead revive: 1.2
 Sinners obey the Voice, and live: 1.2
 Dry Bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh, 31.2
 And Hearts of Stone are turn'd to Flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in Shades of Night 1.2. The Golpel strikes a heav'nly Light;
 Our Lust its wond'rous Pow'r controuls,
 And calms the Rage of angry Souls.]
- Flions and Beafts of favage Name
 Put on the Nature of the Lamb;
 While the wide World efteems it ftrange, will
 Gaze and admire, and hate the Change.
- 6 May but his Grace my Soul renew, Let Sinners gaze/ and hate me too; The Word that faves me does engage A fure Defence from all their Rage.

And so shale his als applical edica. Which bear Gredenials to divine.

CXXXIX. The Example of CHRIST.

- Y dear Redeemer and my Lord! //-L I'read my Duty in thy Word; //-L But in thy Life the Law appears Drawn out in living Characters.
- Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal,
 Such Descrence to thy Father's Will, ARICA
 Such Love, and Meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold Mountains and the Midnight Air A, 1.2
 Witness'd the Fervor of thy Pray'r;
 The Desert thy Temptations knew,
 Thy Conslict and thy Vict'ry too.
- More of thy gracious Image here;
 Then God the Judge shall own my Name
 Amongst the Follow'rs of the Lamb.

CXL. The Examples of CHRIST and the

- The Saints above, how great their Joys,
 How bright their Glories be.
- And wet their Couch with Tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

- I ask them whence their Vict'ry came! 1.2.
 They with united Breath, 2.9.
 Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb,
 Their Triumph to his Death.
- 4 They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod,
 (His Zeal inspir'd their Breast:)
 And following their incarnate God/2, 29
 Possess the promis'd Rest.
- For his own Pattern giv'n,
 While the long Cloud of Witnesses
 Shew the same Path to Heav'n.
- CXLI. Faith affifted by Sense; or, Preaching, Baptism, and the LORD's Supper.

केत्रकारका व कर्तन हैं

- Y Saviour-God, my Sov'reign Prince, 2
 Reigns far above the Skies! 1.2
 But bings his G aces down to Sense,
 And helps my Faith to rife.
- My Eyes and Ears shall bless his Name,
 They read and hear his Word: ; 1.2
 My Touch and Taste shall do the same level
 When they receive the Lord.

the bins, and Doubes, and I cars.

3 Baptifinal Water is defign'd
To feal his cleanfing Grace, 11.2
While at his Feast of Bread and Wine
He gives his Saints a Place.

Hy. 142. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 255

- As by his Spirit and his Blood
 He'll wash my Soul from Sin.
- So much my Heart refresh,

 As when my Faith goes to the Signs 1.2

 And feeds upon his Flesh.
- To give his Word a Seal: ; 1.2

 But the rich Grace his Hands bestow

 Exceeds the Figures still.

CXLII. Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

- Or Jewish Altars slain, 21.2.
 Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
 Or wash away the Stain.
- Takes all our Sins away;

 A Sacrifice of nobler Name,

 And richer Blood than they.
- My Faith would lay her Hand
 On that dear Head of thine,
 While like a Penitent I stand,
 And there confess my Sin.
- 4 My Soul looks back to fee
 The Burdens thou didft bear / e / . ~

+ through 1.2

When hanging on the curled Tree, And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing we rejoice
To see the Curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with chearful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

CXLIII. Fleft and Spirit.

- Attend our mortal State?

 I hate the Thoughts that work within, I.A.D.

 And do the Works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die, While Sin and Satan reign: Now raife my Songs of Triumph high, For Grace prevails again.
- 3 So Darkness struggles with the Light, Till perfect Day wrise; Water and Fire maintain the Fight 1.2 Until the weaker dies.

My Soul looks but the tee

भाग वेर अधिक कार्य के अन्तर करें।

And vex and break my Peace;
But I shall quit this mortal Life,
And Sin for ever cease.

CXLIV. The Effusion of the SPIRIT; or, The Success of the Gospel.

1123/2014-1604-1/ REAT was the Day, the Joy was great, T When the divine Disciples met: \$1.2 Whilst on their Heads the SPIRIT came And fat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

2 What Gifts, what Miracles he gave! And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to lave! Furnish'd their Tongues with wond'rous Words

Instead of Shields and Spears and Swords. , 1.2

3 Thus arm'd, he fent the Champions forth /21.2 From East to West, from South to North:

"Go, and affert your Saviour's Cause; 11.2912

"Go, fpread the Myst'ry of his Cross."

4 These Weapons of the hely War, Of what Almighty Force they are To make our stubborn Passions bow. And lay the proudest Rebel low!

Nations, the Learned and the Rude, Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd; While Satan rages at his Loss, And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

6 Great King of Grace! my Heart subdue; 11.2 I would be led in Triumph too, A willing Captive to my Lord, And fing the Vict'ries of his Word.

CXLV. Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

- Through which my Lord is feen,
 And long to meet my Saviour's Face
 Without a Glass between.
- To change my Faith to Sight!
 I shall behold my LORD at Home
 In a diviner Light.
 - These interposing Days;
 Then shall my Passions all be Love,
 And all my Pow'rs be Praise.

CXLVI. The Vanity of Creatures; or, No Rest on Earth.

- Toft to and fro, his Passions sty
 From Vanity to Vanity.
- 2 In vain on Earth we hope to find Some folid Good to fill the Mind: , / 2. We try new Pleasures, but we feel The inward Thirst and Torment still.
- 3 So when a raging Fever burns, 47.2 We shift from Side to Side by Turns; , 1.2

Hy. 147. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 259

And 'tis a poor Relief we gain / 2/12
To change the Place but keep the Pain! 4/2

4 Great God! Subdue this vicious Thirst, This Love to Vanity and Dust; Cure the vile Fever of the Mind, And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd:

CXLVII. The Creation of the World, Gen. i.

- Now let a spacious World arise," Hat Said the Creator-Lord: -1.2

 At once th' obedient Earth and Skies

 Rose at his soy'reign Word.
- 2 [Dark was the Deep; the Waters lay Confus'd, and drown'd the Land: He call'd the Night; the new-born Day Attends on his Command.
- 3 He bids the Clouds ascend on high; 54, -1.2
 The Clouds ascend, and bear
 A wat'ry Treasure to the Sky,
 And float on softer Air.
- Was gather'd by his Hand;
 The rolling Seas together flow,
 And leave the folid Land.
- The naked Globe he crown'd,

 The there was Rain to bless the Earth,

 Or Sun to warm the Ground.

Behold the Sun appears,
The Moon and Stars in Order rife,
To mark out Months and Years.

7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King Did vital Beings frame, The painted Fowls of ev'ry Wing, And Fish of ev'ry Name.]

8 He gave the Lion and the Worm
At once their wond'rous Birth,
And grazing Beafts of various Form 211.2
Role from the teeming Earth.

O Adam was form'd of equal Clay,
Though Sov'reign of the rest; , 1.2.
Design'd for nobler Ends than they,
With Gon's own Image bless'd.

The young Creation stood;
He saw the Building from on high,
His Word pronounc'd it good.

Thy Praise shall fill my Tongue: 7.2.
But the new World of Grace demands
A more exalted Song.

CXLVIM. God reconciled in CHRIST.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
My Jesus, and my God, e1.2
Who can refift thy heavinly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?

Wand 1.2. P.

- The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by thy interceding Breath
 The Spirit dwells with Men.
- 3 'Till God in human Flesh I see,
 My Thoughts no Comfort find;
 The holy, just, and facred Three / 21.2
 Are Terrors to my Mind.
- My Hope, my Joy begins: 4/12

 His Name forbids my flavish Fear,

 His Grace removes my Sins.
- Mhile Jews on their own Law rely,
 And Greeks of Wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate Mystery,
 And there I fix my Trust.

CXLIX. Honour to Magistrates; or, Government from GoD.

- TERNAL Sov'reign of the Sky,
 And Lord of all below,
 We Mortals to thy Majesty
 Our first Obedience owe.
- And bless thy Providence
 For Magistrates of meaner Name,
 Our Glory and Defence.
- 3 [The Crowns of British Princes shine With Rays above the rest, 21.2.

Where Laws and Liberties combine To make the Nation blefs'd.]

While Virtue finds Reward;
And Sinners periffi from the Land
By Justice and the Sword.

To Cefar and his Throne;
But Confciences and Souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

CL. The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- S IN has a thousand treach'rous Arts
 To practise on the Mind;
 With flatt'ring Looks she tempts our Hearts,
 But leaves a Sting behind.
- 2 With Names of Virtue she deceives
 The Aged and the Young;
 And while the heedless Wretch believes,
 She makes his Fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the Joys she brings,
 And gives a fair Pretence;
 But cheats the Soul of heav'nly Things,
 And chains it down to Sense.
- Grew the forbidden Food;
 Our Mother took the Poison there,
 And tainted all her Blood.

(asar 1.2

CLI.

CLI. Prophecy and Inspiration,

- Twas by an Order from the Lord, 2/1-2.
 The ancient Prophets spoke his Word;
 His Spirit did their Tongues inspire,
 And warm'd their Hearts with heavinly Fire.
- The Works and Wonders which they wrought 2/2 Confirm'd the Messages they brought; The Prophet's Pen succeeds his Breath 1/2 To save the holy Words from Death.
- Great God! mine Eyes with Pleasure look
 On the dear Volume of thy Book;
 There my Redeemer's Face I see,
 And read his Name who dy'd for me.
- 4 Let the false Raptures of the Mind Be lost and vanish in the Wind: ; 1.2 Here I can fix my Hope secure; , ...2 This is thy Word, and must endure.

CLII. Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii, 18, &c.

Not to the Terrors of the LORD,
The Tempest, Fire and Smoke / //2
Not to the Thunder of that Word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

CEIH. The Distember. I.

2 But we are come to Sion's Hill, The City of our God,

N. wna Madeell

Where milder Words declare his Will. And spread his Love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable Hoft Of Angels cloth'd in Light! 1102 Behold the Spirits of the Just, Whose Faith is turn'd to Sight! 2-1-2

Behold the bles'd Affembly there, which Whose Names are writ in Heav'n ! : 1.2 And God, the Judge of All, declares Their vileft Sins forgiv'n.

5 The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead, E112 But one Communion make; All join in CHRIST their living Head, And of his Grace partake,

6 In fuch Society as this My weary Soul would rest: ; /: 2. The Man that dwells where Jesus is/e1.2 Must be for ever blest,

CLIII. The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

I CIN, like a venomous Disease, 2 Infects our vital Blood; The only Balm is fov'reign Grace, And the Phylician, God.

2 Our Beauty and our Strength are fled, And we draw near to Death; But CHRIST the LORD recals the Dead With his Almighty Breath.

HERET SPIRITUAL SONGS. 265

- 3 Madnels by Nature reigns within,
 The Passions burn and rage,
 Till God's own Son with Skill divine
 The inward Fire assuage.
- 4 [We lick the Dust, we grasp the Wind, And solid Good despise: 1.2.

 Such is the Folly of the Mind, e. 1.2.

 Till Jesus makes us wise.
- We give our Souls the Wounds they feel, We drink the pois nous Gall, And rush with Fury down to Hell; But Heav'n prevents the Fall.
- 6 [The Man poffes'd among the Tombs 9/12
 Cuts his own Flesh and cries: 12
 He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
 And the foul Spirit flies.]

CLIV. Self-righteousness insufficient.

2

1.2

- " WHERE are the Mourners*, faith
 - " That wait and tremble at my Word?
- "That walk in Darkness all the Day?
 - " Come, make my Name your Trust and Stay.
- 2 " [No Works nor Duties of your own
 - " Can for the smallest Sin atone;
 - " + The Robes that Nature may provide /2/12
 - " Will not your least Pollutions hide.
 - * Ifa. 1. 10, 11. † Ifa, xxxviii. 20.

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200 20 MIN M NISTAND 42 Book II 3 " The foftest Couch that Nature knows " Can give the Conscience no Reposer: " Look to my Righteoufnels and live; " Comfort and Puace are mine to give.] 4 " Ye Sons of Pride, that windle Coals, With your own Hands to warm your Souls, Walk in the Light of your own Fire, Enjoy the Spacks that ye defire : 1.2 5 " This is your Portion at my Hands, " Helf waits you with her Iron Bands; , /.2 "Ye shall lie down in Sorrow there, " In Death, in Darkness, and Despair." CLV. CHRIST our Pass-over. Of the defireying Angel flies and of The Pride and Flower of Egypt dies By his vindictive Hand. 2 He pass'd the Tents of Jacob o'er, Nor pour'd the Wrath divine He faw the Blood on ev'ry Door. And blefs'd the peaceful Sign. 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed 2.1.2 To break th' Egyptian Yoke; Thus Isr'el is from Bondage freed, And 'scapes the Angel's Stroke. 4 Lord, if my Heart were sprinkled too With Blood so rich as thine, Justice no longer would pursue This guilty Soul of mine.

HY. 156! SPIRITUAL SONGS. 267 5 JESUS our Pals over was flain, and an and -3-And has at once procurd to the Freedom from Satan's heavy Chain, LA And God's avenging Swords and ol a Aimielir Goo, cut fi CLVI. Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's various Temptations, adno) HATE the Tempter and his Charms, I hate his flattiring Breath; The Serpent takes a thousand Forms To cheat our Souls to Death. 2 He feeds our Hopes with airy Dreams, Or kills with flavish Fear : 14 12 11 And holds us still in wide Extremes, .. W Presumption of Despair to in anola! 3 Now he perfuades, 30 How early 'sin A q1 "To walk the Road to Heavin th aud T Anon he fwells our Sins, and gries, bnA "They cannot be forgiv'n," of work 4 [He bids young Sinners, Wet forbear "To think of God or Death; "For Prayer and Devotion are "But melancholy Breath." do mon vid 5 He tells the Aged, "They must die; "And 'tis too late to pray;

"In vain for Mercy now they cry, "For they have loft their Day."]

- By Mischief and Deceit, ; /. 4
 And drags the Sons of Adam down
 To Darkness and the Pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his Pow'r, Let him in Darkness dwell; And, that he vex the Earth no more, Confine him down to Hell.

bCEVII) The Same observed with the same.

He worries whom he can't devour /2, 1.2 P

- 2 Ye Sons of Gon oppose his Rage; 1/2 Resist, and he'll be gone; 1/2 Thus did our dearest Long engage/2,1,2 And vanquish him alone.
- Now he appears almost divine,

 Like Innocence and Love;

 But the old Serpent lurks within / 1.2

 When he assumes the Dove.
- Ye Sons of Adam fly:

 Our Parents found the Spare too ftrong,

 Nor should the Children try.

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CLVIII. Few faved; or, The almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.

- But Wisdom shews a narrower Path,
 With here and there a Traveller.
- Is the Redeemer's great Command!; 12

 Nature must count her Gold but Drofs, 1.2

 If the would gain this heav'nly Land.
- 3 The fearful Soul that vires and faints,
 And walks the Ways of God no more / e, 1.2
 Is but efteem'd almost a Saint,
 And makes his own Destruction sure.
- 4 LORD, let not all my Hopes be vain; / 2
 Create my Heart entirely new; 9 7 2
 Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which faile Apostates never knew.

CLIX. An unconverted State; or, Converting

We own with humble Shame, 29 Me own first Race, And our first Father's Name.]

- 2 From Adam flow's our tainted Blood,
 The Poison reigns within; , / . 2.
 Makes us averse to all that's good.
 And willing Slaves to Sin.
- 3 [Daily we break thy holy Laws,

 And then reject thy Grace: 1/27

 Engag'd in the old Serpent's Cause,

 Against our Maker's Face,]
- And love the Distance well: 1.2 With Haste we run the dang'rous Road That leads to Death and Hell.
- Such Natures made divine Let Sinners see thy Glory, Lord, And seel this Pow'r of thine.

Which faile Apostates never knew CLX. Custom in Sin.

- Then may the Wicked turn to God,
 And change their Tempers and their Lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian Slaves
 Wash out the Darkness of their Skin;
 The Dead as well may leave their Graves 2

 As old Transgressors cease to fin.

HY. 1612 SPIRITUAL SONGS. 271

- Where Vice has held its Empire long 41.2.
 Twill not endure the least Controll.
 None but a Pow'r divinely strong was a Can turn the Current of the Soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy Pow'r divine,
 That works to change this Heart of mine;
 I would be form'd anew, and bless had 'The Wonders of creating Grace.

CLXI of Christian Virtues or, The Difficulty

- That leads to Joys on High;
 Tis but a few that find the Gate,
 While Crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved Self must be deny'd,
 The Mind and Will renew'd,
 Passion suppress'd, and Patience try'd,
 And vain Desires subdu'd,
- 3 [Flesh is a dang'rous five to Grage;
 Where it prevails and rules:
 Flesh must be humbled, Pride abas'd,
 Lest they destroy our Souls.
- And ev'ry Member, lev'ry Senfe / ef / 2
 In sweet Subjection lies 7 2 2

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ser a sturing domestal louis CLXIII. Complaint of Desertion and Temptation. EAR LORD | behold our fore Diffres, ; 1.2 Our Sins attempt to reign; Stretch out thine Arm of conquiring Grace /5/12 And let thy Foes be flain. 2 The Lion with his dreadful Roar Affrights thy feeble Sheep: Reveal the Glory of thy Pow'r. And chain him to the Deep. 3 Must we indulge a long Despair; 21-2 Shall our Petitions die: Our Mournings never reach thine Ear; / . 2 Nor Tears affect thine Eye?] If thou despise a mortal Groan / 2 1.2 Yet hear a Saviour's Blood; An Advocate so near the Throne Pleads and prevails with Gop. 5 Helbrought the Spirit's pow'rful Sword /e. 2. 2 To flay our deadly Foes: Our Sins shall die beneath thy Word, And Hell in yain oppose, 6. How boundless is our Father's Grace, In Height, and Depth, and Length! He made his Sun our Righteouthers,

Herse ph 1-el Thought 1.2 Hemakeshisten Thought P.

His Spirit is our Strength.

CLXIV. The End of the World.

- Why should this Earth delight us so?
 Why should we fix our Eyes
 On these low Grounds, where Sorrows grow,
 And every Pleasure dies?
 - 2 While Time his sharpest Teeth prepares
 Our Comforts to devour,
 There is a Land above the Stars,
 And Joys above his Powr.
 - The Sun must end his Race,
 The Earth and Sea for ever fly
 Before my Saviour's Face.
- When will that glorious Morning rife, 1.2.

 When the last Trumpet's Sound

 Shall call the Nations to the Skies (1.2.)

 From underweath the Ground?

CLXV. Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and un-

- ON G have I fat beneath the Sound Of thy Salvation, Lord; 1/2

 But still how weak my Faith is found,

 And Knowledge of thy Word?
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a Portion of thy Grace
 My Mem'ry can retain!

Heling last trumpet form

3 [My dear Almighty, and my Gon,
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleffings of thy Throne!]

How cold and feeble is my Love!

How negligent my Fear!

How low my Hope of Joys above!

How few Affections there!

To give thy Word Success

Write thy Salvation in my Heart,

And make me learn thy Grace. 1.2

6 [Shew my forgetful Feet the Way That leads to Joys on High;
There Knowledge grows without Decay, I And Love shall never die.]

CLXVI. The Divine Berfestions, W

Tuffice upon a defect of Throne

That infinite unknown 1 12.2
Who can afcend his high Abode,
Or venture near his Throne?

2 [The great Invisible! he dwells Conceal'd in dazzling Light; But his all-searching Eye reveals The Secrets of the Night.

they ?.

5 [He knows no Shadow of a Change,
Nor alters his Decrees;
Firm as a Rock his Truth remains,
To guard his Promiles.]

6 [Sinners before his Presence die;
How holy is his Name!
His Anger and his Jealousy
Burn like devouring Flame.]

7 Justice upon a dreadful Throne
Maintains the Rights of God, 11.2
While Mercy fends her Pardons down 12.
Bought with a Saviour's Blood.

8 Now to my Soul, immortal King! , 1.2.

Speak fome forgiving Word;

Then 'twill be double Joy to fing

The Glories of my Long.

Aug. 1. The chief of the chiefle of

CLXVII. The Divine Perfettions,

- REAT Gon! thy Glories shall employ My Lips in Songs of Honour bring Their Tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 [Earth and the Stars, and Worlds unknown, Depend precarious on his Throne; All Nature hangs upon his Word, And Grace and Glory own the LORD.] LEWI.2
- 3 [His fov'reign Pow'r what Mortal knows 1 2/.2 If he commands, who dare oppose? With Strength he girds himself around, 51.2 And treads the Rebels to the Ground.]
 - 4. (Who shall pretend to teach him Skill, 21.2 Or guide the Counsels of his Will? His Wisdom, like a Sea divine, Flows deep and high beyond our Line.]
 - 5 [His Name is holy, and his Eye Burns with immortal Jealousy; He hates the Sons of Pride, and sheds His fiery Vengance on their Heads.]
 - 6 [The Beamings of his piercing Sight Bring dark Hypocrify to Light; First hand Death and Destruction naked lie, And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.]
 - 7 [Theternal Law before him stands; His Justice with impartial Hands Divides to all their due Reward/ e, 1.2 Or by the Sceptre or the Sword.]

While his own Son came down and dy'd 121.2
T' engage his Justice on our Side.]

g [Each of his Words demands my Faith; 1/2.

My Soul can rest on all he faith;

His Truth inviolably keeps

The largest Promise of his Lips.]

71.20 Of tell me with a gentle Voice,
"Thou ant my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy Love, I dare proclaim
The brightest Honours of thy Name.

CLXVIII. The Same on but

- His Robes are Light and Majesty 1.2.
 His Glory Mines with Beams so bright 1.2.
 No Mortal can fustain the Sight.
- His Terrors keep the Worldein And ; 17.2.
 His Justice guards his holy haw ; 17.2.
 His Love reveals a Inidiag Face, 2016 of the His Truth and Promise scale the Grack. H
- And baffles Satan's deep Deligns, beautiful His Pow'r is fov reign to fulfil beautiful The noblest Counsels of this Will. His bands
- And will this glorious Lord descend: To be my Father and my Friend: 1/21/2.

 Then let my Songs with Angels join will Heav'n is secured if God be mine.

91.2

Hr. 169. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 279

CLXIX. The same as the extrinith Pfalm.

CDAIA.	1 be jame as	the exivility	Holaim.
The Ga Are Lig His (E Lord JEH lis Throne is arments he af the and Maje Flories shine Beams so br nortal Eye bear the Sigh	ovan reign built on Hi Iumes fty;	gh; eh;
Z The Till Keep the His Wr To gua And the Reloi	nunders of he wide World ath and Justin and Justin de Louis	is Hand d in Awe; ce fland aw; ye	Measure To his And The Has Change
3 Throug Surprifi	rath donfirm feals the Gra h all his anci- ng Wildom I nds the Pow taks their cur	cev blives of the rent Works hines, rs of Hell,	Bom lik Through And fine
Stron And His g His k	g is his Arm thal folfil reat Decrees, ov reign Will n this might	olve, who q im why, dri white is at sthe i on a	If he ref Or afk h He wour the calm
Of Glo	l he write his	Name	ED GE

11.2

HYMNS AND BOOK IT 280 I love his Name! 4, 1.2 I love his Word ! Join all my Pow'rs. And praise the LORD. the I breakly lead of board Ladd THE WAR SHE THE THE SHE WAS SHE CLXX. God Incomprehensible and Sovereign. AN Creatures to Perfection * find Th' eternal uncreated Mind? of or can the largest Stretch of Thought Measure and search his Nature out? 2 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as Hell; 1/.2 And what can Mortals know and tell? His Glory spreads beyond the Sky, And all the shining Worlds on High. Born like a wild young Colt, he flies 21.2 Through all the Follies of his Mind, And fmells and fnuffs the empty Wind.] 4 God is a King of Pow'r unknown; 41.2 Firm are the Orders of his Throne: If he refolve, who dare oppose, Or ask him why, or what he does ?bo 5 He wounds the Heart, and he makes whole: 1/2 He calms the Tempest of the Soul: When he shuts up in long Despair/ 2 1.2 Who can remove the heavy Bar?

fob zi. 7, &cc.

Swell 1.2 Smell P.

HY LYOU SPIRITUAL SONGS. 281

- 6 * He frowns, and Darkness veils the Moon;
 The fainting Sun grows dim at Noon: ; 1.2
 + The Pillars of Heav'n's starry Roof
 Tremble and start at his Reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted Heav'n its Form,

 (The crocked Serpent and the Worm;

 The breaks the Billows with his Breath,

 And fmites the Sons of Pride to Death.
 - 8 These are a Portion of his Ways; , 1-2
 But who shall dare describe his Face?
 Who can endure his Light, or stand
 To hear the Thunders of his Hand?

clay, would fall be will

And in the thinne Wester on Park.

is a fire a wild vound Colt, he files

general value of the day of the day

The END of the SECOND-BOOK.

LONG CONTROL PROPERTY AND A CONTROL

A the frience better in marte bis I bust

H.Y.M.N

3 Thefr and bortles of his West to But White his said

" He frowns, and Darkwell veils the bloom;

the fairting Sun grows, the at Noon

Spiritual Songs.

BOOK III.

Prepared for the holy Ordinance of the LORD's SUPPER.

The Live of the Second-Book.

I. The Load's Supper instituted, I Cor. xi.

WAS on that dark, that doleful Night,
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arole
Against the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his Foes:

HE. SPIRITUAL SONGS. Just en 1 2 Before the mournful Scene began / 4 1.2 He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake: What Love through all his Actions ran! What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake! 3 " This is my Body, broke for Sin; 11.2 Tal " Receive and eat the living Food:" Then took the Cup and blefs'd the Wine "Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood. 4 [For us his Flesh with Nails was torn, He bore the Scoutge, he felt the Thorn And Juffice pour'd upon his Head Its heavy Veng ance in our Stead. For us his vital Blood was spilt, To buy the Pardon of our Guilt; 11.2 When, for black Crimes of biggeft Size, & q He gave his Soul a Sacrifice, 7 6 [" Do this," he cry'd, " till Time shall end, "In Mem'ry of your dying Friend; " Meet at my Table, and record
"The Love of your departed LORD." 7 [Jesus! thy Feast we celebrate, We shew thy Death, we fing thy Name, Till thou return, and we shall eat The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.]

selone the mountilly be

- II. Communion with CHRIST, and with Saints,
 I Cor. x. 16, 17.
- To meet around his Board;
 Here pardon'd Rebels fit and hold
 Communion with their LORD.
- 2 For Food he gave his Flesh, grass 1.2
 He bids us drink his Blood;
 Amazing Favour, matchless Grace
 Of our descending God 1.2
- This holy Bread and Wine Maintains our fainting Breath, By Union with our living Lord, And Int'rest in his Death.
- Our heav'nly Father calls
 CHRIST and his Members one;
 We the young Children of his Love,
 And he the first-born Son.
- Of the same broken Bread;
 One Body hath its sev'ral Limbs,
 But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
 His glorious Name to raise;
 Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,
 And ev'ry Voice be Praise,

III. The New Testament in the Blood of CHRIST;

THE Promise of my Father's Love "Shall stand for ever good;"

He said and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.

2 To this dear Cov nant of thy Word
I fet my worthless Name;

And make my humble Claim.

And Glory shall be mine;

My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,

And all my Pow'rs are thine.

Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.

Who blefs'd us in his Will,

And to his Testament of Love

Made his own Life the Seal.

IV. CHRIST's dying Love; or, Our Pardon bought at a dear Price.

HOW condescending and how kind Was God's Eternal Son!
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
And Pity brought him down.

to how to the Convailingty Les

BOOK III. 286 2 [When Justice, by our Sins provok'd, 29 Drew forth his dreadful Sword, He gave his Soul up to the Stroke, 21.2 Without a murm ring Word.] 3 [He funk beneath our heavy Woes 1 1.2 To raile us to his Throne : There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows But cost his Heart a Grean Job aid o 4 This was Compassion like a Goo. That when the Saviour knew The Price of Pardon was his Blood, 13 His Pity ne'er withdrew. 5 Now though he reigns exalted high, A11.2 His Love is fill as great: Well he remembers Calvary; , 1. Nor let his Saints forget. 6 [Here we behold his Bowels roll / 21.2 As kind as when he dy'd, And fee the Sorrows of his Soul Bleed through his wounded Side,] 7 [Here we receive repeated Seals in a ball Of Jesus dying Love; would shall Hard is the Wretch that never feels One foft Affection move: 8 Here let our Hearts begin to melt, While we his Death record, And, with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt, 290 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord. let 1.25 Licho Guy CHRIST

V. CHRIST the Bread of Life, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

Thou art our living Stream, O LORD,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

2 [The Manna came from lower Skies, But Jesus from above, Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise, And Rivers slow with Love.

The Jews the Fathers dy'd at last 290 Who eat that heav'nly Bread;
But these Provisions which we taste

Can raise us from the Dead.

Bles'd be the LORD that gives his Flesh 212

To nourish dying Men;
And often spreads his Table fresh (2)

Lest we should faint again.

Our Souls shall draw their heav'nly Breath/21.2
While Jesus finds Supplies: 1.2
Nor shall our Graces sink to Death, 21.2
2. For Jesus never dies.

But CHRIST our Life shall come;
His unresisted Pow'r shall raise
Our Bodies from the Tomb.]

- VI. The Memorial of our absent LORD, John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.
- JESUS is gone above the Skies,
 Where our weak Senses reach him not;
 And carnal Objects court our Eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our Thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring Hearts we have, Apt to forget his lovely Face; 2 9 And, to refresh our Minds, he gave 10 These kind Memorials of his Grace.
 - The LORD of Life this Table spread With his own Flesh and dying Blood; We on the rich Provision seed, And taste the Wine, and bless the God.
 - And Earth grow less in our Esteem; CHRIST and his Love fill ev'ry Thought, And Faith and Hope be fix'd on him.
 - That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
 And live for ever near his Face.
 - Whence our returning LORD shall come;
 We wait thy Chariot awful Wheels, 21.2
 To fetch our longing Spirits Home.

To Charist alty whenh

VII. Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of CHRIST, Gal. vi. 14.

- 2 HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
 My richest Gain I count but Loss,
 And pour Contempt on all my Pride.
 - 2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast, 2 1, 2.
 Save in the Death of CHRIST my GoD;
 All the vain Things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his Blood.

 - 4 [His dying Crimson, like a Robe, 290]
 Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree; , 1.2
 Then am I dead to all the Globe,
 And all the Globe is dead to me.]
 - 5 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine, That were a Present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, 21.2 Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

VIII. The Tree of Life.

To our exalted Lordy /41.2

Ye Saints on high around his Throne, And we around his Board.

While once upon this lower Ground, Weary and faint ye stood, What dear Refreshments here ye found

From this immortal Food!

In Heav'n's high Garden grows,
Laden with Grace bends gently down
Its ever-smiling Boughs.

The sweet celestial Dove, ; /.2.

And Jesus on the Branches hangs

The Banner of his Love.]

While in his Shade we fit;
His Fruit is pleafing to the Sight,
And to the Tafte as sweet.

New Life it spreads through dying Hearts,
And cheers the drooping Mind;
Vigour and Joy the Juice imparts/21,2
Without a Sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming Weapon fland And guard all Eden's Trees: There's ne'er a Plant in all that Land That bears such Fruits as these.

Whose wond'rous Hand has made This living Branch of sov'reign Pow'r To raise and heal the Dead.

then 1:2

IX. The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood,

To praise our God on High,
Who from his Bosom sent his Son.
To fetch us Strangers nigh.

Nor let our Voices cease
To sing the Saviour's Name;

Jesus, the Ambassador of Peace, 2900 Em

How cheerfully he came!

To bring us near to GoD;
Great was our Debt, and he appears
To make the Payment good.

Pour'd out a double Flood;
By Water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the Blood.

Infinite was our Guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold Ground his Life was spilt,
And offer'd with his Groans.]

Whose Death was thy Desert,
And humbly view the living Stream.
Flow from his breaking Heart,

There on the cursed Tree In dying Pangs he lies,

Fulfils his Father's great Decree, And all our Wants supplies.

- By Water and by Blood;
 And when the Spirit speaks the same,
 We feel his Witness good.
- 9 While the Eternal Three
 Bear their Record above,
 Here I believe he dy'd for me,
 And feal my Saviour's Love.
- Nor let thy Grace depart:
 Great Comforter abide within,
 And witness to my Heart.
- X. CHRIST crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.
- To spread her Maker's Praise abroad;
 And ev'ry Labour of his Hands
 Shews something worthy of a Gop.
- 2 But in the Grace that rescu'd Man,
 His brightest Form of Glory shines;
 Here, on the Cross, 'tis fairest drawn 2900
 In precious Blood and Crimson Lines.
- 3 [Here his whole Name appears complete; Nor Wit can guess, nor Reason prove / 2/1.2 Which of the Letters best is writ, The Pow'r, the Wisdom, or the Love.]

- 4 Here I behold his inmost Heart / 2 1.2 Where Grace and Vengeance strangely join, 912 Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart, 21.2 To make the purchas'd Pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet Wonders of that Cross / 4/12 Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd! Her noblest Life my Spirit draws From his dear Wounds and bleeding Side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his Name/ 41.4 In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown; , 1.2)1 With Angels join to praise the Lamb, And worship at his Father's Throne.

Pardon brought to our Senfes.

ORD, how divine thy Comforts are ! How heav'nly the Place Where I sus spreads the facred Feast Of his redeeming Grace!

11.2

- 2 There the rich Bounties of our God/e, 1.2 And sweetest Glories shine; , / . 2 There Jesus fays, that " I am his, " And my Beloved's mine."
- 3 " Here," (fays the kind redeeming LORD, And shews his wounded Side)
 - " See here the Spring of all your Joys, "That open'd when I dy'd!"
- 4 [He smiles and cheers my mournful Heart, 2 And tells of all his Pain: , / . 2

them his gushing blood 1.

- "All this," fays he, "I bore for thee;",1.2
- For Grace so vast as this?

 He brings our Pardon to our Eyes,

 And seals it with a Kiss.
- 6 [Let such amazing Loves as these Be sounded all abroad; / - 2. Such Favours are beyond Degrees, And worthy of a God.]
- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his Blood
 Be everlasting Praise,
 Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
 2 Eternal as his Days.]

 To acc etta nac Says.

XII. The Gofpel Feaft, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- Thy Table furnish'd from above!
 The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board,
 The Cup o'erslows with heav'nly Love.
- Were first invited to the Feast: 1.2.7.
 We humbly take what they refuse,
 And Gentiles thy Salvation taste.
- 3 We are the Poor, the Blind, the Lame,
 And Help was far, and Death was nigh!, 1.2

 1.2 But at the Gospel-Call we came,
 And ev'ry Want receiv'd Supply.

HY. 13. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 295

4 From the Highway that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkness and Despair,
LORD, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.]

That left the Heav'n of his Abode,

And to this wretched Earth came down / 2 / 2

To bring us Wand'rers back to Gob?

6 It cost him Death to save our Lives; , / · 2
To buy our Souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown Joys he gives / e, / · 2
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting Love is due
To him that ransom'd Sinners lost;
And pity'd Rebels, when he knew
The vast Expence his Love would cost.

XIII. Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

With CHRIST within the Doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her Stores!

With fost Compassion rolls;
Here Peace and Pardon, bought with Blood,
Is Food for dying Souls.

Join to admire the Feast,

0 5

Each of us cry, with thankful Tongues, "LORD, why was I a Gueft?

- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
 "And enter while there's Room; 1.2
 "When Thousands make a wretched Choice,
 "And rather starve than come."
 - 5 'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our Sin.
 - 6 [Pity the Nations, O our Gon! Constrain the Earth to come; Send thy victorious Word abroad, And bring the Strangers Home.
 - 7 We long to see thy Churches full, That all the chosen Race May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul, Sing thy redeeming Grace.]
 - XIV. The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28; or, A Sight of CHRIST makes Death easy.
 - We would forget all earthly Charms, And wish to die as Simeon wou'd, With his young Saviour in his Arms.
 - Our Lips should learn that joyful Song, Were but our Hearts prepar'd like his; //2. Our Souls still willing to be gone, And at thy Word depart in Peace.

- 3 Here we have seen thy Face, O LORD, And view'd Salvation with our Eyes, Tasted and selt the living Word, The Bread descending from the Skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb, Hast set his Blood before our Face, To teach the Terrors of thy Name, And shew the Wonders of thy Grace.
- Shall shine on Nations yet unknown; : 1-2
 The Glory of thine Isr'el here,
 And Joy of Spirits near thy Throne.

XV. Our LORD JESUS at his own Table.

- Awakes a thankful Tongue:
 How rich he spread his royal Board, 5.41.2
 And bless'd the Food, and sung.
- But doubly blefs'd was he
 That gently bow'd his loving Head,
 And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- As that great Fav'rite did,
 And fit and lean on Jesus' Breaft,
 And take the heav'nly Bread.]

2

4 Down from the Palace of the Skies, 4/.2
Hither the King descends; , /. 2

Jaste 1.2

tangethe stream his higher

And the large Load of all our Guilt and

Supported him to bear:

Dying he conquer'd Hell and Sin, 1.2

And made his Triumph there.

6 Grace, Wissom, Justice/join'd and wrought 4/.2
The Wonders of that Day:
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought
Can equal Thanks repay.

Our Hymns should sound like those above, e, 1.2 Could we our Voices raise; Yet, LORD, our Hearts shall all be Love, And all our Lives be Praise.

XVII. Incomparable Food; or, The Flesh and Blood of CHRIST.

That Grace divine performs;
Th' Eternal Gop comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying Worms.

This Soul-reviving Wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy Blood';
We thank that facred Flesh of thine
For this immortal Food.]

Is made of heav'nly Things; / / 2

Earth has no Dainties half to fweet

As our Redeemer brings.

hath 1.2

- In vain had Adam fought,
 And fearch'd his Garden round; , / · 2 ?,
 For there was no fuch bleffed Fruit
 In all that happy Ground.
- Th' Angelic Host above
 Can never taste this Food; // 2
 They feast upon their Maker's Love,
 But not a Saviour's Blood.
- On us th' Almighty LORD

 Bestows this matchless Grace,

 And meets us with some cheering Word,

 With Pleasure in his Face.
- 7 Come, all ye drooping Saints, And banquet with the King; 1.2. This Wine will drown your fad Complaints, And tune your Voice to fing.
- 8 Salvation to the Name
 Of our adored CHRIST:
 Thro' the wide Earth his Grace proclaim,
 His Glory in the High'st.

XVIII. The Same.

Thy Table is divinely flor'd;
Thy facred Flesh our Souls have eat,
Tis living Bread, we thank thee, LORD!
And here we drink our Saviour's Blood!, 1.2
We thank thee LORD, 'tis gen'rous Wing

We thank thee, LORD, 'tis gen'rous Wine,
Mingled with Love the Fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding Heart of thine.

Tondraip of they board 1.

- On Earth is no fuch Sweetness found, For the Lamb's Flesh is heav'nly Food: ;/.2 In vain we search the Globe around For Bread so fine, or Wine so good.
- 4 Carnal Provisions can at best But cheer the Heart, or warm the Head; But the rich Cordial that we taste Gives Life eternal to the Dead.
- Joy to the Master of the Feast; 1.2

 His Name our Souls for ever bless; 1.2

 To God the King, and God the Priest,
 A loud Hosanna round the Place. 2.

XIX. Glory in the Cross; or, Not ashamed of CHRIST crucified.

- Thy Command, our dearest LORD,
 Here we attend thy dying Feast;
 Thy Blood like Wine adorns thy Board,
 And thine own Flesh feeds ev'ry Guest.
- Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love, And trusts for Life in one that dy'd; , ... We hope for heav'nly Crowns above, 2, .2. From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain World pronounce it Shame, And fling their Scandals on thy Cause; We come to boast our Saviour's Name, And make our Triumphs in his Cross.
- 4 With Joy we tell the scoffing Age, He that was dead has left his Tomb,

· bor ever be a sond?

- XX. The Provisions for the Table of our LORD; or, The Tree of Life, and River of Love.
- And fing the folemn Feast / 2. Where sweet celestial Dainties stand
 For every willing Guest.
- With rich immortal Fruit. 2

 And ne'er an angry flaming Sword

 To guard the Paffage to't.
- The Cup stands crown'd with living Juice;
 The Fountain flows above,
 And runs down streaming for our Use/91.2
 In Rivulets of Love.]
- The Food's prepar'd by heav'nly Art,
 The Pleasures well refin'd; 112716
 They spread new Life thro' ev'ry Heart,
 And cheer the drooping Mind
- Ye Saints, that tafte his Wine: , / 2
- Join with your kindred Saints above, In loud Holannas join.

hother Saints 1.

XXI. The triumphal Feast for CHRIST's Victory over Sin, and Death, and Hell.

I COME let us lift our Voices high, e, 1.2.

High as our Joys arife,

And join the Songs above the Sky, 2.

Where Pleasure never dies.

And conquer'd when he fell; 2/2?/
That rose, and at his Chariot Wheels
Dragg'd all the Pow'rs of Hell.]

3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here To this triumphal Feaff,
And brings immortal Bleffings down
For each redeemed Guest.]

4 The LORD! how glorious is his Face!
How kind his Smiles appear!

1.2And O! what melting Words he fays
To ev'ry humble Ear!

5 " For you, the Children of my Love, "It was for you I dy'd;

"Behold my Hands, behold my Feet,
"And look into my Side.

6 " These are the Wounds for you I bore, " The Tokens of my Pains,

When I came down to free your Souls From Mifery and Chains.

7 [" Justice unsheath'd its fiery Sword; " And plung'd it in my Heart;) 2

1. the worship of

9/20

- "Infinite Pangs for you I bore, "And most tormenting Smart.
- 8 "When Hell and all its spiteful Pow'rs "Stood dreadful in my Way,

"To rescue those dear Lives of yours / 2/12

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's Throne; , 1.2

- " High on my Crofs I hung, and fpy'd "The Monster tumbling down.
- Now you must triumph at my Feast, And taste my Flesh, my Blood;

"And live eternal Ages bless'd; , /. 2, "For 'tis immortal Food."

For Favours fo divine?

We would devote our Hearts away

To be for ever thine.]

The Tribute of our Tongues;
But Themes fo infinite as these
Exceed our noblest Songs.

XXII. The Compassion of a dying CHRIST.

UR Spirits join t'adore the Lamb;
O/that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love!

- Was ever equal Pity found?
 The Prince of Heav'n refigns his Breath,
 And pours his Life out on the Ground,
 To ranfom guilty Worms from Death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's Laws; He from the Threatnings fet us free; , / .2. Bore the full Veng ance on his Cross, And nail'd the Curses to the Tree.]
- 4. [The Law proclaims no Terror now, And Sinai's Thunder roars no more; From all his Wounds new Bleffings flow, A Sea of Joy without a Shore.
- Here we have wash'd our deepest Stains,
 And heal'd our Wounds with heav'nly Blood; ;,
 Blest Fountain! springing from the Veins
 Of Jesus our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal Voices strive
 To speak Compassion so divine;
 Had we a thousand Lives to give,
 A thousand Lives should all be thine.

XXIII. Grace and Glory by the Death of

SITTING around our Father's Board/41.2
We raise our tuneful Breath;
Our Faith beholds the dying LORD, Low 1.2
And dooms our Sins to Death.]

- Whence all our Pardons rife;
 The Sinner views th' Atonement made,
 And loves the Sacrifice.
- 3. Thy cruel Thorns, thy shameful Cross/21.2.
 Procure us heavinly Crowns: 1.2
 Our highest Gain springs from thy Loss 2,1.2
 Our Healing from thy Wounds.
- Y'tis impossible that we Who dwell in seeble Clay, Should equal Suff'rings bear for thee, Or equal Thanks repay.

XXIV. Pardon and Strength from CHRIST-

- To fee thy Glories shine;
 The LORD will his own Table bless,
 And make the Feast divine.
- We touch, we taste the heav'nly Bread, We drink the sacred Cup; With outward Forms our Sense is sed, Our Souls rejoice in Hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the Throne
 Of our forgiving God,
 Dress'd in the Garments of his Son,
 And sprinkled with his Blood.
- And climb the upper Sky, ;/.

CHRIST will provide our Souls with Grace, He bought a large Supply.

For Joy becomes a Feast;
We love the Mem'ry of his Name
More than the Wine we taste.]

XXV. Divine Glories and Graces.

- HOW are thy Glories here display'd! 1.2
 Great God, how bright they shine! 1.2
 While at thy Word we break the Bread,
 And pour the flowing Wine!
- And pleads its dreadful Cause;

 Here saving Mercy spreads her Hands, 2, 2.2

 Like Jesus on the Cross.
- On this great Sacrifice; And Love appears with cheerful Face, And Faith with fixed Eyes.
- 4 Our Hope in waiting Posture sits, To Heav'n directs her Sight; Here ev'ry warmer Passion meets, And warmer Powers unite.
- Seal and Revenge perform their Part,
 And rifing Sin destroy: ; /
 Repentance comes with aching Heart,
 Yet not forbids the Joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our Faith to Sight, Let Sin for ever die; Then shall our Souls be all Delight, And ev'ry Tear be dry.

I Cannot persuade myself to put a full Period to thefe DIVINE HYMNS, till I have addreffed a special Song of Glory to GOD the FATHER, the Son, and the HOLY SPIRIT. Though the Latin Name of it, Gloria Patri, be retained in our Nation from the Roman Church; and the' there may be some Excesses of superstitious Honour paid to the Words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy Prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest Parts of Christian Worship. The Subject of it is the Doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar Glory of the Divine Nature, that our LORD JESUS CHRIST has fo clearly revealed unto Men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The Action is Praise, which Is one of the most complete and exalted Parts of heavenly Worship. I have cast the Song into a Variety of Forms, and have fitted it by a plain Version, or a larger Paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the Conclusion of another HYMN. I have added also a few Hosannas, or Ascriptions of Salvation to CHRIST, in the same Manner, and for the fame End.

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DOXOLOGIES.

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed TRINITY, GOD the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

XXVI. First Long Metre.

- BLESS'D be the FATHER and his Love,
 To whose celestial Source we owe
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And Rills of Comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God, From whose dear wounded Body rolls A precious Stream of vital Blood, Pardon and Life for dying Souls.
- We give thee, facred SPIRIT, Praise, Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe Makes living Springs of Grace arise, And into boundless Glory flow.
- And God the Spirit, we adore; , / 2.
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown, 2 / 2.
 Without a Bottom, or a Shore.

XXVII. First Common Metre.

The Honours of his Grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid, Who dwelt in humble Clay, And, to redeem us from the Dead,

310

Gave his own Life away.

- Glory to God the Spirit give,
 From whose Almighty Pow'r
 Our Souls their heav'nly Birth derive, 1.2
 And bless the happy Hour.
- Th' eternal Three in One, 41.11/e,
 Who by the Wonders of his Love
 Has made his Nature known.

XXVIII. First Short Metre.

- For ever on our Tongues: , /.2.
 Sinners from his first Love derive
 The Ground of all their Songs.
- Ye Saints, employ your Breath
 In Honour to the Son,
 Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death
 By off'ring up his own.
- Give to the SPIRIT Praise

 Of an immortal Strain,

 Whose Light and Pow'r, and Grace conveys

 Salvation down to Men.
- While God the Comforter 29 To Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
 O may the Blood and Water bear
 The fame Record within.

5 To

HY. 30 SPIRITUAL SONGS. 5 To the great One in Three / 41.2 That feel this Grace in Heav'n, and 1,2, The FATHER, Son, and SPIRIT, be Eternal Glory giv'n. Howe Homour, something Pents God the Shape of the severho lamb. XXIX. Second Long Metre. Turber of Liebes show CLORY to God the Trinity/2/1.2 Whose Name has Mysteries unknown; In Essence One, in Persons Three; A focial Nature, yet alone. 10114. 2 When all our noblest Pow'rs are join'd The Honours of thy Name to raife, 2. 7.2 Thy Glories over-match our Mind, And Angels faint beneath the Praise. XXX. Second Common Metre. THE God of Mercy be ador'd, Who calls our Souls from Death; Who faves by his redeeming Word, And new-creating Breath. To praise the FATHER and the Son e.1.2 And SPIRIT all divine, The One in Three, and Three in One, Let Saints and Angels join. Where there are it orks versileral inclina Samus to love to 1447-

XXXI. Second Short Metre.

- TET God the Maker's Name

 Have Honour, Love, and Fear; , 1.2.

 To God the Saviour pay the fame,

 And God the Comporter.
- Thy Mercy we adore,
 The Son of thine Eternal Love,
 And Spirit of thy Pow'r.

XXXII. Third Long Metre.

And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

XXXIII. Or thus:

A LL Glory to thy wond'rous Name, FATHER of Mercy, God of Love; 1,12 Thus we exalt the LORD the LAME, And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

XXXIV. Third Common Metre.

And SPIRIT be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

XXXV. Or thus:

ONOUR to th' Almighty Three, And everlasting One; All Glory to the FATHER be, The SPIRIT, and the Son.

XXXVI. Third Short Metre.

E Angels round the Throne, And Saints that dwell below. Worship the FATHER, love the Son. And blefs the Spinit too.

XXXVII. Or thus:

IVE to the FATHER Praise, T Give Glory to the Son, And to the SPIRIT of his Grace Be equal Honour done.

XXXVIII. A Song of Praise to the Bleffed Trinity. The first as the extiniith Pfalm.

Give immortal Praise/ 2, 1. 2 To God the Father's Love, 41.2 For all my Comforts here, And better Hopes above: He fent his own Eternal Son To die for Sins That Man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood
From everlafting Woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And fees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worthip give;
Whose new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live:
His Work completes
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty Goo! to Thee
Be endless Honours done,
The Undivided Three,
And the Mysterious One:
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Eaith prevails,
And Love adores.

XXXIX. The Second as the exteriith Pfalm.

To Him that chose us first, a 1.2

Before the World began; 1.2

To Him that bore the Curse

To save rebellious Man; 1.2

To Him that form'd
Our Hearts anew, e 12
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

The FATHER'S Love shall run
Thro' our immortal Songs; , / · 2
We bring to God the Son
Ho'annas on our Tongues:
Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name
With equal Praise,
And Zeal the same.

is Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever blefs and love
The facred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

XL. The third as the exlviith Pfalm.

TO GOD the FATHER'S Throne
Perpetual Honours raise; , . 2
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praise:
And while our Lips
Thy Tribute bring,
Our Faith adores

The Name we fing.

XLI. Or thus :-

TO our Eternal Gob,

The FATHER and the Son,

And SPIRIT all divine,

Three Mysteries in One,

Salvation, Pow'r,

And Praise be giv'n, e 1.2

By all on Earth,

And all in Heav'n.

The HOSANNA; or, Salvation ascribed to CHRIST.

42

Long Metre.

- Who reigns on a superior Throne;
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly Birth/21.2
 Who brings Salvation down to Earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age, In this delightful Work engage; Old Men and Babes in Sion fing The growing Glories of her King.

XLIII. Common Metre.

- HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace; 1.2.
 Sion, behold thy King;
 Proclaim the Son of David's Race,
 And teach the Babes to fing.
- Who from the Father came;
 Afcribe Salvation to the LORD, 21.2
 With Bleffings on his Name.

XLLV. Short Metre-

Of David and of God;
Who bought the News of Pardon down, 71.2
And bought it with his Blood.

Be endless Blessings giv'n; , 1.2 Let the whole Earth his Glory sing, 2.1.2 Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

XLV. As the exlyilith Pfalm.

Of David's ancient Blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving Grace from God:
Let Old and Young
Attend his Way,
And at his Feet
Their Honours lay.

2 Glory to God on High,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let Earth and Sea and Sky
His wond rous Love proclaim.
Upon his Head
Shall Honours rest,
And ev'ry Age
Pronounce him blest.

P 4

Acre Morre

T A B L E

To find any H Y M N by the Title or Contents of it.

Note, The Letters a, b, c, signify the first, second, and third Book: The Figures direct to the Hymn. If you find not what Hymn you seek under one Word of the Title; seek it under another, or by some Word that is of the same Signification, though perhaps not mentioned in the Title of the Hymn.

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